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THE MOONLIGHT RING;

OR,

THE BLACK SHADOW OF THE TWO-HANDED SWORD.

CHAPTER III.

THE TRAP AT THE OLD BRIDGE—THE ASSASSIN—THE OLD MAN—THE MEETING—THE PLUNGE INTO THE TORRENT.

The night was cold, in the early summer; and grey, flitting clouds obscured the moon, veiling her light, and creating ghost-like shadows in the tangled woodland which enveloped the lonely Grange. Cool, confident as was Bernard's manner, his heart, at least, belied it. High was the stake for which he so desperately played. The gain would be to him enormous—loss, almost destruction. In the fashionable world, as it is called, of mighty London, Hugh Bernard moved a mystery. He had traveled largely. The coldness of his address possessed to some an element of fascination, while the enormous wealth he so carelessly disbursed opened to him the *salons* of the noble. This singularity had given him the attributes of a power that he loved—a power that was sliding from his grasp. His taste was declared to be unexceptionable. If he wore a jewel, the youthful sprigs of aristocracy directly imitated it; his coat became a fashion; his manner, even, was the *mode*. His great desire, too, was for effect. A lady admired his ring; with a chill bow, Bernard would remove it from his finger, and present it to the delighted gentlewoman; so that jewellers were eager to give credit—tailors disputed for the patronage of the wealthy and eccentric Capt. Hugh Bernard. Apparently he would be unaffected, yet would his ears tingle as he overheard the praises of his liberality and the wonder at his wealth. Yet was he really a penniless adventurer; his only means the money he extorted from the fears of the Lady of Marsden Grange. All things have their limit. The great jewellers, who had hitherto so eagerly supplied, had more than once requested a settlement of their accounts. They must be discharged, or the bubble he was so proud of would collapse. True, the order in his pocket would smooth the past, but what of the future?

The will! Could he only obtain the will! Lady Marsden was an invalid, and then—His horse started.

They were passing over that identical piece of sward where the moonlight ring had first displayed itself. Then a strange awe came over his soul, as he remembered the dead friend who had trusted him, and left a wife and child to his care. Hush! A voice out of the dense thicket—a voice!

"Ralph Marsden!" it said, "ah! why did you wrong Gabrielle?"

Bernard glided from his horse, and peered narrowly into the tangled undergrowth. An old man, in a long grey coat, with a marching step crossed the road. Directly he saw Bernard, he stopped and came to the salute.

"Ah, mon Empereur! Vive l'Empereur!"

"Pshaw!" thought Bernard, leaping on his horse—"pshaw! he's mad!"

Spurring the animal, he rode along the narrow road, and over Bickley Bridge—that little rustic erection which the reader will remember Athol Clement was sketching in our first chapter; he reached the station about a mile beyond, and gave the horse up at the inn where he had hired it. It was twenty minutes to twelve. There was no sign of Lady Marsden. Time there had been in plenty, yet she was not there. He could not endure the anxiety, so he partially retraced his steps. He came to the bridge once more. This bridge was on an elevation, and commanded the road and grounds of the Grange.

The moon shining at the moment, enabled him to distinguish the form of Lady Marsden, as, in defiance of the wishes of her daughter and the creole, she left the mansion. Bernard could hardly restrain a cry of joy at the discovery. His would be the power still—his the wealth of the Marsdens. For was not Lucy the sole heiress, and the only child?

As he leant over the slight rail, in that grey moonlight, and watched the torrent as it tumbled into the pool beneath, how the fires of imagination glowed within his heart! All would be virtually his when Lady Marsden was dead. When she was dead! The slender rail against which he leaned, yielded. He stepped back, and one of the cross planks was loose beneath his feet. When she was dead! and she was coming over the bridge. The rail was slender, and a plank was loose. FuH shone the moon on his pale face, which exuded as with dew at the horrible thought. A few brief minutes were all that remained for the execution of his design. Beside, the bridge was on an elevation, and he might be seen. No, he would not attempt it. Lady Marsden would die soon; he would not forestall her fate. So he withdrew. Then before his eyes there danced the vision of vast wealth; the chink of the yellow sovereigns, too, rung within his ear. He looked at the bridge. The moon had hid herself once more, and the atmosphere was suffused with a grey, shadowy light.

His resolution was taken; he was undetermined no longer; but cool, collected, with every sense perfect and clear. The bridge was old; the boarded footway worn, and was used only by foot passengers and an occasional pedestrian. The handrail was a stout branch, originally strong, but which had become rotten by age and exposure.

The plan, therefore, was to loosen a footboard, so that the foot of the victim slipping, she would cling for support to the handrail, which, breaking, would precipitate her into the torrent below. The footway on which he directly flung himself was formed by cross pieces about three feet in length, which were roughly secured to the longitudinal ribs, which crossed from rock to rock above the torrent. He soon discovered that particular cross piece which had loosened under his tread near the edge. Swiftly and easily he tore it up, and then replaced it, but in such a manner that it would sink under the slightest touch. By the side of this was the slender handrail. Measuring it with his eye, grasping it with both hands, he pushed it outwards with intense force. The rail snapped, but was not severed. Then very carefully he drew it in again; the breakage fitting so exactly, that no casual eye could possibly detect the fracture. The moon was hid, and the shade of darkness grew deeper. He took out his watch, but could not distinguish the hour. Rapidly he struck a Vesuvian match, and by the momentary glare, saw that it wanted only ten minutes to midnight. Hardly had he done this before the rustle of the silk dress striking on his ear, announced the approach of Lady Marsden. His manner, cold, stern as before, betrayed neither doubt nor fear.

"I was waiting for you, Lady Marsden," he said, crossing the bridge. "I knew you were a prudent woman, and was therefore certain that you would come."

"Bernard," said the unhappy lady, "I have acceded to your request. The will is signed."

"Permit me, Lady Marsden."

With this, he gave her his hand to aid her over the bridge. With a shudder that was almost audible, she accepted it. Carefully he handed her over, keeping her on the safe side of the light bridge, and lightly stepping over the wicked trap which he had prepared for her destruction. On the other side there was a thicket. Into this thicket he led her.

"Capt. Hugh Bernard," she said, "I have myself brought this. I have forbidden any to attend me, because I, for the last time, perhaps, would be alone with Heaven and you."

The moon bursting out at the moment, illuminated her companion's face, in which such devilish triumph was perceptible, that Lady Marsden absolutely recoiled with terror.

"Bernard," she screamed, "I can't trust you—I dare not."

"As you please, Lady Marsden," he replied; "the issue is for you to decide. As you will it, so let it be. The minutes are few."

"Oh, Bernard!" she continued, "I so love my child, my poor soon-to-be-orphaned Lucy!"

"Orphaned!" exclaimed the other, "orphaned!"

"My death is near. Twice has the Fate of the Marsdens been visible to-night. It shone for *me*, Bernard!"

"You are superstitious. But I deal with material facts. My journey here was undertaken with two objects. The one has been accomplished, the other—"

"Dare I trust you?"

"You may, Lady Marsden; and I will tell you frankly why. Because, to a certain extent, my own interest is involved in silence. Should I publish this secret, which is to me a charm to win fortune, the magic would depart forever. Were I to say—"

"Oh, hush, Bernard! for Heaven's sake be still! Breathe it not to the trees, Bernard—whisper it not to the winds! But Lucy?"

"Tush! what fear for her? I, who am most concerned in her fortune, will surely be the best person you could select to take care of it."

Lady Marsden still hesitated. Bernard was growing impatient.

"Hark ye!" he muttered savagely, "You would treat me as a mendicant who humbly craves. Imagine, instead of that, I am a tyrant who extorts. Do not irritate me too far!"

"You will protect Lucy? You will never torture her as you have maddened me? Swear it!"

Lady Marsden tore a cross from off her neck, and held it out to her destroyer.

"You shall yourself dictate the oath, Lady Marsden."

Once more a gleam of moonlight struggled from the heavens, and as though to make the symbol yet more sacred, glimmered over the cross.

"By my mother's grave, my hopes of happiness here, my trust for peace hereafter, I swear in all things to be a faithful friend and a true guardian to the poor orphan whom her mother has confided to my care!"

In his level, toneless voice, Hugh Bernard took the required oath; then Lady Marsden resumed her cross, and gave to him the will.

They stood full in the moonlight, but Hugh Bernard was wholly unmoved, as he took out his watch once more, and carefully inserted the precious document in the pocket of his coat.

"You will pardon me, Lady Marsden," his heart fluttering somewhat; "but the time grows narrow, and I must hasten on. I will accompany you across the bridge, and then—"

Alas! what then?

They moved together towards the fated spot. Fair shone the moon on the tumbling waterfall, making it glitter like a thread of silver as it dashed down from rock to rock. So beautiful, and yet so cruel! Lady Marsden, gathering the shawl over her head, walked by the side of her destroyer to the devilish trap he had prepared.

"Farewell, Lady Marsden," he said, as she placed her foot upon the bridge.

"Farewell, Capt. Bernard, and may Heaven give ye heart of grace to keep your plighted word!"

Bernard bowed in acknowledgment, his unflinching eye singling out in the moonlight the plank he had loosened. Affecting to take Lady Marsden's hand, he led her towards the precise spot.

She walked regularly; but, to her anxious brain, it seemed hours before she reached it. Her foot was upon it—it started up beneath her tread; Bernard released her hand—she sought support against the broken handrail—and, mercy of dear Heaven! she fell in the torrent below. Her one violent scream was her only death knell.

A few bounds, Bernard was off the bridge, and running swiftly down the road. Yet was it with the utmost calmness that he reached the station. He lounged in.

"Hav'n't a moment to spare, sir," cried a porter; "express two minutes over due."

"No time for a cigar, then?" inquired Bernard.

"Not here, sir," replied the porter, with a knowing smile, as his hand closed upon the tip; "but I'll speak to the guard, sir."

The scream of the whistle, and the red gleam of the fire, announced the approaching train. With a grinding noise, it stopped, and Bernard leaped in. Oh, the precious will!—how closely he hugged it to his heart! The command of wealth—the power which that control gave—were his. Away flew the train through tunnels and bridges, and along the level wastes. He was alone. No thought of the poor, broken, bruised lady whose soul was in another world. But the will—only the precious will! How he laughed over it—joyed over it—took it out, and almost kissed it! And then, as the train speeded on, he unfolded it, and spread it out beneath the glimmering lamp. What did he see? What is it that makes him wipe the perspiration from his brow, and sink exhausted on the cushioned seat. An instant after, he dashed to pieces the document on the floor—ground it savagely beneath his heel—while a horrible, bitter imprecation rose upon his lip.

* * * * * *

Sobbing was the lovely Lucy Marsden in the lonely Grange—sympathising was Latour, the creole, as affectionately he stood over her. Not one in the household had sought rest.

Latour raked together the dying embers, and heaped the fire anew, for the morning was cold, and it was now five o'clock.

"She will never return, Latour, never!"

"Courage, my young mistress! She may have accompanied Capt. Bernard to town."

"Impossible! Without a word?"

"Or she may have missed her path in the obscurity."

Lucy shook her head, and refused his well-meant explanations. None knew better than Latour how idle they were. He had early sent to the railway station, and the roused porter had told of only one person who had gone by the midnight express.

The grounds had been thoroughly searched by torchlight, and no trace had been found. No trace but the one that was the sure key to the painful mystery—the bridge. So Latour was aware of the awful fate, and, moment by moment, expected intelligence of the discovery of the body. It came at last.

Pale and frightened was the laborer, as he ran across the greensward to the mansion. Through the window Lucy saw him, and, in the man's agitation, surmised her bereavement. Waving Latour on one side, she passed out of the mansion. The messenger could do nothing but point. Lucy was rushing away, when the man stopped her.

"Too late, miss!" he hoarsely whispered; "it is too late!"

"Where?" she said, vacantly—"where?"

The man pointed. Slowly and sorrowfully she passed along, followed by Latour. Soon she came to the place. There it lay, among the reeds—the body—the ripple of the waves moving it gently as they flowed on. Lucy, sad and tearless, murmured no word, uttered no scream. But, as they bore it to the Hall, she walked by its side, holding the white, helpless hand. But when they reached the room in which it had been so lately instinct with life, Lucy's heart welled up into her throat, and she burst into a rain of blessed, relieving tears.

For days she was delirious, and hovered between life and death. Would it not have been better for her that she had then died, and joined her mother in heaven? For, when she woke to existence once again, it was to hear from the creole, Latour, that she was indeed an orphan; and that the result of the investigation into the cause of her mother's death was embodied in two words. Those words were, "Found Drowned."



MISS FANNY HERRING—Actress. For Biographical Sketch see another column.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MAN OF MYSTERY—THE FIERY STEEDS—THE ALTERCATION—WAR TO THE KNIFE.

Two years have elapsed, and we are in mazy London at the height of its busy season. The height of the season—how few of us pause to reflect on the wide world of various meaning condensed within that old, accustomed phrase; it tells of sad toil for the poor workers through the glare of day—through the weary, weary night, till the grey dawn breaks livid on their swollen, tingling eyes; it is eloquent of the smiles of rank and the pride of wealth, as together they mingle in the crowded crush room, the teeming assembly, the morning concert, or the gorgeous *fete*. But the god Fashion must, in turn, worship its god—same "lion," before whose shrine it bows its neck, and does obsequious reverence. In this especial season there were two; the one, a young girl, beautiful as a seraph, and endowed, by report, with all the fabled wealth of an Eastern potentate; the other, a man whose ascetic manner, yet luxurious life, had rendered him a favorite topic of conversation in the circles of the so-called great.

Let us watch as the equipage which bears them is whirled amid the tide of fashion which, in the season, eddies round the Ring in Hyde Park. The spring-balanced carriage is of the most delicate shade of mauve, and lined with poplin of the palest primrose yellow. The horses, perfectly matched, are entirely black, save for a white star which is similarly placed on the foreheads of each. Their high blood is shown by the scattered foam flecks on their ample chests, and the impulsive, nervous manner in which they move along; the only absolute adornment is the bullion silver decorations of the elaborate harness. On the box, seated beside the coachman, is the creole, Latour, whose garb, however, partakes more of tropical than European taste. How exquisite, in her beauty, is Lucy Marsden, the *belle* of the season! How perfect in his dress, in his manner, and in his *entourage*, is Capt. Hugh Bernard, the man of mystery, who—a "lion" of the day—is seated by her side!

As the prancing steeds bore the carriage, swaying on its delicate springs, along, its occupants became the eyesore of an eager crowd. Aged *roues*, bewigged and berouged, chat to each other on the bewildering beauty of Lady Marsden; young men press forward for the slightest token of recognition. With glances of almost envy is she regarded by the aristocratic daughters of ancient houses, whose mothers would sell them in marriage to the highest bidder, as slaves are knocked down by the auctioneer in the markets of the South. Yet obedient to their instructions, the fair girls smile on Capt. Hugh Bernard; for is it not known that he is a bachelor, and that he is rich? In the black eyes of Hugh Bernard there glowed a gleam of triumph; over the fair face of Lucy there rested a shadow of regret.

"Are you not well, Miss Marsden?" inquired the captain.

Lucy shrunk as she heard his words.

"I have a headache," she whispered; "nothing more."

"Fatigue, perhaps," coldly remarked Hugh.

Lucy inclined her head.

"Or, probably," he proceeded, "some token from an old friend."

Lucy bit her lip till the ripe blood crimsoned her pearly teeth; but, spite of the effort, the warm blush suffused her cheek.

"Yes," continued Hugh, politely unclasping her hand, and removing a card which she had crushed, "yes, Miss Marsden, a token."

It was only an address card, on which was engraved the name of Athol Clement.

"So," exclaimed Hugh, "the romantic artist has discovered your residence with the Countess of Walsoken in Belgrave square. I, your guardian, forbid you, Lady Marsden, to receive a visit, or a remembrance, or even to think of him again. Do you hear, Lucy?"

These last words were spoken in so low and condensed a tone, that Lucy's blood seemed to turn to ice in her veins, as they fell upon her ear.

"My thought, at least, is beyond control," she replied.

"Listen!" he cried, in a solemn whisper, while the cold, impassive smile lived upon his lip. "Through the long years of my past life, opposition—circumstance—fortune, have been alike fettered and subdued captives to my iron will. I tell you, Lucy, you, and you alone, have satisfied the ambition within my soul. I see you—I note your surpassing beauty, and the adoration it extorts from the poor fools who, mothlike, flit around its flame. Then I gloat over the remembrance that—fair as you are—rich as you are—you belong to *me*!"

"Hush, sir!" exclaimed Lucy, "if you possess one spark of human feeling. You know I am defenceless—at your mercy."

Lucy spoke these words in a somewhat louder tone, so that they must have been overheard by the creole on the box.

Swift as a panther he turned round, and his roused soul glaring through his flashing eyes, gazed on the unmoving countenance of Bernard.

"Servant," sneeringly said Hugh, "your duty."

The conversation had been conducted in so low a key, and with such an unvarying expression, that the passers-by, or lookers-on, could never have detected a trace of emotion in either of the speakers. But this sudden action of the creole, Latour, had enlisted attention. Even the coachman at his side was stirred by it.

A wild shriek—a hurried rush of people—a rapid movement among the carriages. The coachman had turned away but for an instant, and his high-blooded horses had started off at full speed.

"Do not be alarmed, Miss Marsden," muttered Hugh Bernard. "It is not alone the human kind I make humble to my wish; even the dumb creatures are subject to my sway."

The confusion in the ring was indescribable. The pure-bred steeds, tossing their quivering nostrils in the air, their long manes flying from their extended necks, spurned with rapid tread the hard road beneath their coursing hoofs. Latour, excited by the fear for his young mistress's safety, and regardless for his own, had slid down from the box seat, and grasping the handle of the carriage door, kept pace with it as it was swiftly borne along.

"I propose, Lucy," said Bernard, continuing his former speech, "to make an experiment upon those animals."

With these words and with the same unforced calmness with which he would have entered a drawing-room, Hugh Bernard stepped from the opposite seat of the carriage into the box beside the coachman; from him he took the reins and whip. The mad career of the magnificent equipage of the belle and lion of the season stirred the excitement of the people to its lowest depths. Crowds hurried across the inner enclosure of the park, while Rotten Row was deserted by the equestrians of either sex, who had started off in useless pursuit. Hugh Bernard having taken the reins, gripped them in his left hand; the long lash of the whip which he held in his right whistled through the air as it descended, moment by moment, in seething strokes over the frightened animals; Captain Bernard delivered those cruel cuts with a rapidity and precision which contrasted strangely with his unchanging face.

"For heaven's sake, mademoiselle, cling to the carriage tightly—tightly!"

'Twas the creole whispered this to Lucy.

The horses darted on with lightning speed direct for the narrow roadway through the Marble Arch.

"We shall never get through the gate, sir," exclaimed the coachman, almost familiar at the approach of the apparently inevitable danger. "Try to turn them, sir!"

"I intend," returned Bernard, slowly, to stop at the gate itself."

The coachman was amazed—the concussion seemed unavoidable—the crowd of spectators held their breath in horror.

Instead of endeavoring to restrain the horses, Bernard cut the thin whip-lash deeper and deeper into their bleeding, quivering flesh. Even men trembled, while the ladies turned pale with the coming horror of the crash.

In a moment Bernard flung the whip of torture far away, and a rein in each hand, in the very midst of the maddening race, by sheer muscular strength pulled the animals up almost on their haunches. For a moment they seemed to dispute his victory, but his cold unswerving grip was irresistible, and, trembling in every muscle, perspiring from every pore, they stopped. Heedless of the swift sympathy, the muttered congratulation, Bernard returned the reins to the coachman, and resumed his place beside Lucy. Latour remounted the box.

"The Countess, your chaperone," spoke Bernard to Lucy, "said she would visit the Academy. I should wish to resign you to her charge. The Academy," he continued to the coachman.

The horses, their veins swelling like knotted whip-cord, were put in motion once more, and the carriage moved off to Trafalgar Square.

The news of the narrow escape of Lucy Marsden made her a bell of still purer water, while the courageous coolness of Hugh Bernard elevated him to a huger lion than before, so that when they arrived at the Academy, the fashionable visitors, who had been informed of the adventure by some one who had sped from the park, were collected to receive the heroine and the hero.

"My charming guerl," exclaimed the Countess of Walsoken, forgetting her aristocratic descent, and bustling to the very door of the carriage, "are you—ah—injured—or, should say, hurt?"

"Neither," returned Lucy, leaning on the faithful Latour, as she descended; "not, I can assure your ladyship, even alarmed."

"Dear me!—well, now, only to think!" interrupted the Hon. John Fitz-John, a slender twig of an ancient tree. "Well, really now, Mith Mathden, had I been in your purthition, I really fanthy I should 'ave been a thade frightened. I do—hah, I do; upon my thowl, I do—hah—hah!"

And the Hon. John Fitz-John looked round for approval, as though he had said something facetious, but as each hearer believed in the truth of what he said, nobody smiled in the least.

"You will permit me," implored the unabashed John Fitz-John. "Oh, thankth," he exclaimed, as the white wrist of Lucy wrested within his arm. "I am *tho* delighted."

"Ah, John!" remonstrated the Countess of Walsoken, tapping the culprit with her fan in the most playful manner, "you are too pressing. Stupid John, don't you know how I like you, you loveable boy? But you will be observed. Only wait; and then, perhaps——"

With all the duties of a chaperone clear before her, the Dowager Countess sidled the Hon. John Fitz-John quite away from her unobserving charge, and led her off in triumph.

"Foolish girl!" she whispered; "don't you know that John Fitz-John is the greatest humbug in town, and not worth a penny?"

Lucy Marsden was deeply sensitive. The stern injunction of her guardian, Hugh Bernard, had sunk deep within her soul. Never to think of Athol Clement? Impossible! He had filled her waking thought, inspired the dreams of the placid night. The world for her was but a little world, bounded by the illimitable universe of his large love. For he loved her—she was sure of that; he loved her; and it was this sweet assurance which reconciled this rich yet poor girl—this being at once so transcendantly beautiful, and yet so miserably unhappy—to endurance of life; for life with her was a toleration and no enjoyment—for life, which, to the young, bubbles over with the cheery happiness of the present, and the gleeful anticipations of the future, was to her but a horrible burden—was to her but an awful curse. It was the dull oppression of a secret which had blunted its blessings, poisoned the arrows of its pangs. What that secret was, let future pages tell. The thought that was understood, the love that was never spoken, was to her a crutch and a support under an ever-abiding trouble. And her master had pronounced that she should never even think of Athol again. Never think of him! Bid the river reclaim its waters from the devouring sea—bid the moon to fling no more her sheeny radiance on the grateful earth! Sooner would be those behests obeyed, than she could banish Athol from her mind. Her slender form could never subside in his embrace of love, but her young soul was his, and his only, and would so remain until it was claimed by the king of death for the pleasant angel-land. With these thoughts teeming in her heart, unconsciously she wandered on, through room after room, till the party stopped. The reverie yet continued, till it was roughly broken by an expression in the conversation of Hugh Bernard—"The Fate of the House of Marsden!" It was of her family, then, that he was discoursing.

So absorbed was she in deep reflection, that she did not notice they had stopped before a certain picture, which had elicited the comments of Bernard. She glanced at it for the first time, and started back with surprise.

There it was—the glade in Marsden Grange, with the felled timber—the opening in the leaves above, through which could be discerned the parting rays of the glorious sunset resting on the rustic bridge. So, as an admirable joke, Bernard was relating to the party the superstition of the Fate.

Latour, the creole, who closely followed his young mistress, could ill conceal his disquietude. To the warm imagination of his tropic soul, that at which Bernard sneered as idle nonsense, was an awful token from heaven itself.

"Tith moth widiculuth," declared the Honorable John Fitz-John, with his stupid laugh. "Do you not think it abthurd Mith Marsden?"

Lucy was silent.

"Perfectly cho-lidish?" inquired the Countess of Walsoken, with a patronizing smile.

Lucy made no reply.

"You do not believe in the Fate—eh, Lucy?" asked Bernard, in his chill, sarcastic tone.

"I am not, perhaps, Captain Bernard, quite so incredulous as yourself."

The eyes of the creole brightened.

"Why, may I ask?"

"Because, Captain Bernard," interfered the creole, in speech so precise as to command the interest of more besides their party—"because it has never yet given a warning which has not been fulfilled. Two years ago it was seen twice on the same evening. These two appearances were followed by two sad events: the one was the death of my mistress; the other, your entrance into Marsden Grange."

Not even Bernard himself could have condensed more bitter feeling into these last few words. They stung the Captain to the quick.

"Miss Marsden," he cried, with determination; "I shall be obliged to exercise the authority of a guardian, and compel you to discharge this fellow."

"Latour is something privileged, Captain Bernard. He was more than a servant; he was my dead mother's humble friend. He has carried me out—a little child—beneath the spreading vegetation of the Western isles; he——"

"Enough, Miss Marsden; you have endorsed his fault. I——"

By a violent effort Bernard repressed the rising anger which had disturbed his equanimity. He could not alte-

gether, however, conceal his agitation; so suddenly he offered his arm to Lucy, and led her down the stairs to the entrance hall. The Countess of Walsoken, and the Honorable John Fitz-John followed, succeeded at an humble distance by Antony Latour.

"Captain Bernard?" exclaimed Lucy, with a half-scream, "you hurt me."

In truth, the stern, vindictive nature of the Captain, unnoticeable by the slightest expression of his immoveable countenance, had found a vent in an involuntary action. He had clenched the wrist of Lucy so tightly as to drive the sharp corners of her jewelled bracelet deep into her delicate flesh. Antony had heard the pain-wrung exclamation, and, with one impulsive bound, had leapt to her side.

"Captain Bernard!" cried the creole; "you are a tyrant and a coward!"

Bernard's face turned to the hue of death.

The altercation, slight as it was, had attracted an eager, pushing crowd.

"Latour!" cried Lucy, imploringly; "I pray you be silent, for my sake," she added.

Latour would have prostrated himself before Bernard if it could have preserved his mistress from a single pang.

"Presently!" gasped Bernard—"presently!"

Once more he offered his arm to his ward. He found himself thrust aside with slight, but determined action, and beheld Lucy conducted to her carriage by a stranger.

"Home!" cried the latter, as Latour jumped on the box, and the equipage passed on.

The stranger returned to the hall ere Bernard had completely recovered from his surprise.

"The words which Antony Latour addressed you but now, I repeat, Captain Hugh Bernard. Your repellant manner, the large sums you disburse, have made you the talk of the idle. Let me rend the cloak from your true self, and what shall the world see?—a bully and a coward."

"I do not know you, sir," replied Bernard.

"That excuse, sir, shall not avail you long. We have met before. I am the artist of the picture on which you just now did me the honor of comment. My name, sir, is Athol Clement."

TO BE CONTINUED

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1864.

REMOVAL.

THE Office of the NEW YORK CLIPPER is removed from No. 29 Ann street to No. 22 Spruce street, at which place we shall be happy to see our friends hereafter.

Notice.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS, CORRESPONDENCE, etc., intended for this or any other department of the NEW YORK CLIPPER, should be addressed to the editor and proprietor only, thereby ensuring early and careful attention. We give this notice now, in order to prevent omissions, errors, and misunderstandings in the future. Those, therefore, who violate this rule, and whose communications in consequence may remain unnoticed, will understand the cause of our silence.

FRANK QUEEN,
Editor and Proprietor NEW YORK CLIPPER.

To Correspondents.

SUB, Lancaster, O.—1. If, at billiards, the cue ball makes a count, jumps on the side cushion and rolls back again, the shot counts, and the party with cue in hand continues his play. 2. A miss-cue, whether the ball rolls six inches or the 6th part of an inch, puts the player out. 3. When the cue ball is "frozen" to another, the next shot, to count, must be made without disturbing the other ball. 4. In a three handed game of billiards, if two are at sixty-six, the forfeitures of the third player do not count for either. 5. Your fifth query cannot be decided, as it has not been fully tested.

B. McH., Camp 12th Mass. Bat., Port Hudson.—"A, B, C and D are playing, Bluff—C bets 50 cents; B (after D and A pass) raises C $2, C raises B $5, B raises C $10, C has but $7 left, and demands a sight for that amount, which B refuses, and rakes the pile. Now the bet is $25 a side as to whether C has a right to a sight for his money or not"......The rule is, "should one of the party overreach the amount that is in the possession of his adversary, the latter can demand a sight." B therefore is wrong.

W. H. H., Trenton.—"If a race is made for two horses to go for $500 a side and all moneys are up, play or pay, and outside parties bet on the race, each party taking a horse and only one horse comes to score and goes for the money, do the outside bets go as main stakes?"......No; all bets are off, unless they were specially made "play or pay."

BONTELLE, Indianapolis.—1. Mary and Maggie Mitchell are sisters. 2. Mary is the divorced wife of James Collier, now at Niblo's. 3. See answer to Wimpf. 4. Fanny Davenport is the daughter of E. L. Davenport. 5. John Heenan was born in Troy, N. Y. 6. Because we have no regular correspondent in your city. Items would be acceptable.

C. G. M., Boston.—"1. M bet F one hundred dollars that Heenan never fought a man by the name of Thompson, a prize fight, in California. 2. M also bets F one hundred dollars that Morrissey did fight said Thompson, a prize fight, in California. Please decide."......M wins every time.

SM., Brooklyn.—"M and V are throwing dice; V bets $25 that he beats M's throw. M. throws 11, and V throws 11 also. Is it a stand-off, or does M win the money?"......Our opinion is, that as V failed to do that which he bet he *would* do, he loses the wager.

PETER HALEY.—Jem Mace beat Tom King in their first fight, which occurred on Jan. 28th, 1862, in 43 rounds, occupying 68 minutes. In their second encounter Tom King was the victor, as in November of the same year he beat Mace in 21 rounds, occupying 38 minutes.

NIAGARA BILLEY.—1. Jem Mace did show the "white feather" in his first fight with Bob Brettle, and "cut it" in the third round. 2. Joe Coburn's battle with Ned Price was longer than any fought by Mace. See CLIPPER of Oct. 29.

A CANADIAN SPORT.—We have no connection with either of the parties, saving to advertise for them and get the money for the same, and cannot therefore fill your order. We presume either of the principal advertisers will fill your order faithfully.

S. B. & Co., Alton, Ill.—We know of no house that makes a speciality of that sort of thing. There are two or three printers who advertise in the CLIPPER who could do it to order for you in good style.

O. H. Q., Port Royal.—As the mile was not made in the time specified, of course A loses; but you may have mis-stated the question, as there was no necessity for our opinion when both time keepers made it over seven instead of six minutes.

HEENANITE.—1. McDonald asserts that he did claim the fight, but that the referee paid no attention to his claim. 2. It is not probable that Heenan will fight again. 3. He insists that he was poisoned.

W. H. R., Philadelphia.—You will find it a difficult thing to obtain a "first class position in a first class minstrel band," as you say. You might succeed with some travelling company that may let you in to "fill up."

WIMPF.—1. Adah is 25, of French and American parents. First appeared at the Opera House, New Orleans, when 14 years of age, as a *danseuse*. 2. Kate is 30 years of age. First appeared on the stage in one of the Eastern towns with a travelling company.

C. B. H., Boston.—"In playing all fours, the dealer turns up clubs; the other party begs, and the dealer then turns up the Jack of clubs. Does the Jack count under these circumstances?" ......Yes.

EVERY AFTERNOON.—It is the usual custom for the losing club to present the winners with a ball, but we don't know that it can be claimed as a right unless mutually agreed upon before commencing play.

WM. F., U S S. Roanoke.—There are two Steeple Chase races at Liverpool, one called the "Grand National," run at the spring meeting, and the other called the "Liverpool Autumn," run at the autumn meeting.

OLD ABE, Ottawa.—1. Ed. Price is in Washington City, and Aaron Jones, when we last heard of him, in Mobile. 2. Harry Lazarus is not open for a challenge. 3 We have no record of the heaviest weight ever held out at arm's length.

C. H., New Orleans.—1. Tom Sayers and Jem Mace never had a bar room fight to our knowledge. 2. The bet of £200 to £20 in Sayers and Brettle's fight was on the former winning in 10 min. 3. Sayers is 38 years; Mace 33 years.

A. S.—1. When, at cribbage, the last card makes fifteen, three points are taken, two for the fifteen and one for the "go." 2. Certainly, he can order him up, the risk being all his own.

MACREADY.—The Macready riot took place Wednesday, May 9, 1849, at Astor Place Opera House. "Macbeth" was the piece on the bills for performance that night.

OLD SUBSCRIBER, Philadelphia.—A cross-counter is when two parties strike at the same time one with the left, and the other with the right hand.

G. W.—Chanfrau never, to the best of our knowledge, appeared in those characters. Mr. E. L. Davenport never played second to him.

F. F., Cincinnati.—Have placed your name on our books. "Nothing extenuate," and we shall soon see how we get along together.

J. H., Boston.—Heenan never fought a man in California named Thompson. It was John Morrissey that fought Thompson in California.

ALEX. HICKS, Albany.—Mr. Henry Linden, of the Leavenworth Theatre, and Harry Linden, formerly of the Continental, Philadelphia, are the same.

J. H.—A makes his play, and scores one point only. If C had made three tricks, he would have euchred his opponent, and scored two points therefor.

J. S. R.—We gave you last week all the information in our power. You never saw in the CLIPPER any such statement as you allege.

H. N.—1. Do not know who the lady was before marriage. She is a non-professional. 2. First raised in this country and taken to Ireland.

L. T. E., Indianapolis.—Watch our advertising columns; parties advertise almost every week to furnish clogs.

J. B., Cleveland, O.—Direct a note to the parties challenging, or H. Jennings may accommdate you.

WELSHMAN, Pittsburgh.—As the lady obtained a divorce from Heenan, she must have proved her marriage to him.

MONUMENTAL.—Your squibs were so glued together that we could make but little out of them.

F. P. N.—We have a file in the office that you can see whenever you call.

MRS. M. C., San Francisco.—If received, they have been forwarded.

LOVER OF SPORT.—The subject is referred to in our Ring department.

HARRY, Philadelphia.—The lady is wrong, and is evidently disposed to make trouble without cause.

E. C.—You can obtain the information by inquiring at the works in Hoboken.

MIKE AND JOSH, Edinburgh, Ind.—Tom Sayers is, according to his own showing, of English descent.

DEXTER, Providence.—Both are right, and both are wrong. The bet is a draw.

J. H., Lowell, Mass.—No doubt that was the intention of the Mace party.

OLD SUBSCRIBER, Philadelphia.—The lady is the wife of the musical critic of one of the New York dailies.

SEVEN UP, Poughkeepsie.—It is optional with the player; if he has the suit led, he must play that or trump.

B. S. N., Poughkeepsie.—There are several—the *Era*, *Sporting Life*, *Ill. Sporting News*, etc.

T. C., 2d Brigade, 3d Division, 5th Army Corps.—In all probability it has been lost *in transitu*, as it has not been received here.

H. M., Albany.—He should make known his wants by advertisement.

W. N. R., Port Tobacco.—The gentleman's whereabouts is chronicled every week in our music hall summary.

MRS. E. W. H., Phillipsburg.—Henry Brown has not called or sent for his letters.

SAM.—1. The Academy will seat *comfortably* only 2000 persons. 2. She is past 30 years of age.

READER.—You can order White's work on the horse of Wilmer & Rogers, Nassau street.

F. F., Baltimore.—We do not know the game of Euchre, as played with dominoes.

BET.—"What is the fastest mile time run by any race horse on record?"......By Saunterer in 1 min. 40 2-3 secs.

Box 1788, Detroit.—Fifty cents each insertion.

H. A. H., New Orleans.—Must scratch in turn.

W. H. S., Oil City.—Tom Hyer died June 26, 1864.

J. S. P.—The lady is not married. Is about 32 years of age.

C. B. BENT, Hampstead, N. H.—Three months for $5.

JAMES DUNN.—We have a letter for you.

SIGHTS AROUND THE CITY HALL PARK.

THE CITY HALL PARK was once the resort of nurses and children, but alas! this is the case no more. Its ancient glory has departed, and the play-ground of our boyhood is nothing but a barren waste. Even the City Hall itself looks dingy and dilapidated, whilst the brown stone statue of the sedate looking individual with an indigestible apple dumpling in one hand and a bill of fare in the other, is evidently in want of repair. In vain do we look around for familiar faces. Where is the blind man with his round cakes of transparent soap which he carried about in an old tin box? Where is the small individual with a screwed up visage who attracted the eye with a red cotton umbrella and showed up the wonders of the microscope for the small fee of six cents? Where is the shabbily dressed person whose great delight it was to seize on the caps of newsboys and lather them well with soap, under the pretence of removing a grease spot? Where is the vender of water-proof blacking, who loved so dearly to have an old boot floating in a basinful of water, and let the curious examine the inside to see that it was free from moisture? Where is the dealer of the patent teeth cleaner, who loved so much to jam his well worn tooth brush into the mouth of some unsuspecting youth, and expatiate on the properties of the wonderful compound? Where are they all gone? No one knows and no one cares. A new generation has brought with it new thoughts and new desires. The place of the microscopic man is now occupied by a shooting gallery, and where the vender of tooth wash once stood there was for a long time a stereoscopic exhibition. And yet, after all, there are some familiar faces. Surely we recognise the telescope man, who some years ago gave us a glowing account of the sun. Yes, that is him and no mistake. By Jove! there is the same Chinaman with the same miserable segars and the same light burning under the same broken tumbler that we saw five years ago. Well, he has not altered in the least, except that his face begins to show the effects of the terrible vice of opium smoking. There, too, is the same aged female who has been assorting and unrolling sea-weed from our earliest recollection. Close by the railings in former days there stood a man who sold shrimps for a living. Oh, how we loved them, and oh, how we ate them; but one day (a momentous one in our calendar) the wind blew, and the dust flew, and as we advanced to purchase our accustomed pint, we beheld him removing the superfluous dirt with his breath. Slowly and sadly we turned away and have never tasted shrimps from that day to this. There, too, were the hot corn women, but somehow or other we could never summon up courage to taste the steaming ears. They, with their butter, salt and pepper, have disappeared, and in their place we find an unshaven German, with a charcoal furnace, who serves up hot waffles at a minute's notice. If you have any desire to test the strength of your lungs, this wish will be gratified by that benevolent-looking person with a tubular instrument of brass. For a couple of cents he will wipe off the ivory mouthpiece of the India rubber tube with his coat-tail, and allow you to blow until you cave. If you are not satisfied with this, a few paces further along you may obtain an electric shock for the same amount of money. There, too, are the smiling Irish women with their large display of fruit. Unsophisticated man, ask us not the cause of those polished apples, or the smoothness of peaches in their season. People say that petticoats have been employed to give brightness to the apples, and that many a hair brush has been used on a peach. There, too, is the dealer of roasted chestnuts, in whose stock we once invested twenty-five cents. It was a cold, raw morning, and absorbed in other matters, we unthinkingly emptied a pint measure of the red-hot nuts into our pantaloons pocket, and the consequence was that we went through the most intricate figures of a jig without any previous teaching. There, too, are the little boys with trays of campaign medals. There, too, is the smiling child with his blacking box and brush, ready to give your boots "a tip-top polish for ten cents." Further on you may invest any amount you like in steel chains and key rings. Still further on, the railings are adorned with old engravings and cheap editions of songs, or books in yellow covers, depicting the miraculous adventures of a celebrated highwayman. Still further on the novelty-seeker may invest in hunks of red and yellow candy, or purchase old coins and curious stamps.

In summer, the scene on the outside of the Park railings is entirely changed. It is then that sturdy Hibernians may be seen twisting tin cans about in well-battered tubs filled with ice. It is then that these sturdy Hibernians deal out wine glasses of cream, of a pale pink or sickly yellow color, to ragged boys and girls of similar tint, who, utterly regardless of the use of spoons, soon rob each glass of its contents by the aid of their tongues. It is then that the root beer man deals out that refreshing beverage to a thirsty multitude, and, in the belief that he has not a moment to lose, neglects to clean the tumblers. It is then that the various stands offer for sale a dark brown liquid which is called lemonade. Never shall we forget the afternoon, about two years ago, that we stopped in front of a cleanly-looking stand, presided over by a buxom damsel unto whom Dame Nature had given a pair of rosy cheeks and roguish eyes. Directly in front of the stand was a large earthenware jar, bearing a pasteboard placarded with the inscription, "Ice-cold Lemonade." It looked so inviting that we could not resist the temptation, and the bright-eyed maiden accordingly filled us a glass of the delightful compound, but we found it a little too sour for our taste, and told her so. "Is it sour it is? Faith I'll soon remedy that, your honor." Off went the cover of the jar, up went her sleeve, and in went her arm; and although she gave it a good stirring with her hand, we some how or other thought it was best to leave without furnishing our glass. Well, after all, there are pleasing recollections which attach themselves to the City Hall Park.

BAD BUSINESS.—If prize-fighting cannot be carried on without the shameful conduct and barefaced robberies which have been their accompaniments of late, it would be much better to give them up altogether. It was only a few weeks since that a number of robberies took place on one of the eastern railroads during a prize-fight excursion; and last week, on the Erie Railroad, some shameful scenes were enacted and bold robberies perpetrated—the work of gangs of lawless characters who are to be found wherever there are large assemblages of people. Although prize-fighters are blamed for the lawless acts committed when a prize-fight takes place, yet they are almost entirely guiltless of any hand in the disgraceful proceedings. What we blame the pugilists for is, for not combining to put down the gangs of roughs and thieves who are bringing the P. R. into such disrepute; if they wish the attendance of gentlemen at their Ring contests, they must protect them against the desperadoes who are found in such large numbers at the Ring side. No man will hereafter be willing to run the risk of being robbed, or arrested on suspicion of being a participant in robberies committed at prize-fights by thieves banded together for lawless purposes, as was the case last week, when several gentlemen, who happened to be on the train with these characters, were arrested, while the really guilty parties were permitted to escape. These things must be stopped, or there must be an end to prize-fighting.

Q. C.—We see by one of the London sporting papers that our special reporter was taken in some quarters for the well-known lawyer, Edwin James, Q. C. The only difference between them is, that one is Queen's Counsel, and the other Queen's Correspondent.

BEAUTIFUL LINES.

Suggested by the Recent Fizzle in Ireland.

The fight which was to have been fote has not been fitten,
And that's the reason our special report was never written;
The gentlemen engaged in this fierce and sanguinary strife,
Were at last accounts in London, where they threatened to take
Bell's Life;
Had they fowt it out in Ireland, as had previously been expected,
Of white feather designs Mace would never have been suspected;
As he hurried away from Ireland before the day of fighting,
Folks who saw him on the home stretch say he went along a
kiting.

DECISION ABOUT SUNDAY HORSE HIRE.—One Sunday during the past summer, a Mr. Dougherty hired a carriage and pair of horses from Mr. Nodine, in Brooklyn. While left to themselves, the horses ran away, damaging the vehicle to the extent of $60, for which sum Nodine sued Dougherty; but the latter put in a plea that as the team was hired on Sunday, for pleasure, which is at variance with the law, Nodine could not recover, and the Judge thought so too, for he non-suited the stable keeper, much to his disgust.

SALE OF FLORA TEMPLE.—Flora Temple, "The Queen of the Trotting Turf," was sold at auction on Tuesday, Oct. 25th, at "Guilford," the residence of her late owner, Mr. Wm. McDonald. After a spirited contest of some few minutes, she was knocked down to Mr. Geo. G. Presbury, of Baltimore, for $8000, the amount originally paid for her by Mr. McDonald. Flora was in excellent condition, and was pronounced by several who knew her well, to have never looked finer or been more lively.

THE CÆSAREWITCH, the principal race of the Second October Meeting at Newmarket, which was run on Oct. 11th, was won by Lord Coventry's Thalestris in 4min. 5secs. Nett value of the stakes, £1765. There were 90 subscribers and 29 starters. Ten Broeck's Charmian, ridden by Barlow, was among the last in the race.

THE MACE AND COBURN AFFAIR.

The Match Off.

EACH MAN RECEIVES HIS OWN MONEY.

MACE SAYS HE IS WILLING TO FIGHT COBURN IN CANADA.

OUR SPECIAL'S LETTERS.

THE Coburn and Mace match is off, the stakeholder having returned to each man his own stake, and an additional £100 to Coburn for his expenses, as agreed upon. We give extracts from the London sporting press, and also our special correspondent's reply to some of their comments. *Bell* thinks if Nat Langham had been permitted to act for Coburn, he and Brunton "could have contrived to bring the matter to a satisfactory termination." Satisfactory to Mace and his friends, no doubt, but as our representatives had fought it out on that line on two previous occasions, to the satisfaction of the English party, they determined to act for themselves this time, and we are very glad that we sent a reporter over there to watch the proceedings. We are more and more convinced that Mace never intended to fight in Ireland. According to Brunton's letter in another column, Mace did not take any trouble to get his stake money together, and would have forfeited but for Brunton, who borrowed some money at very short notice to make Mace's deposit good. As to Mace's offer to fight in Canada, well and good. Let the match be made here, the money deposited here, and the arrangements made here. As we are crowded for space this week, we shall at once refer the reader to the following extracts from London papers, etc.:—

From the document in *Bell's Life* of Oct. 15, to which the CLIPPER's special correspondent alludes, we make the following quotation:

JOE COBURN AND JEM MACE.

This farce is now played out, but unfortunately we have been unable to come at anything tangible in explanation of its curious termination. In our last we informed our readers that each man had claimed the money—Mace on the ground that Coburn's friend, Edwin James, had refused to agree to a referee, and Coburn on the ground that Mace had failed to appear at the ring-side. We also made known our opinion that neither claim would hold good—an opinion that has been fully confirmed on mature deliberation. On Wednesday last we had a visit from Coburn, who was accompanied by Nat Langham, Edwin James and Cusick. *Joe looked thin and healthy, and it was evident must have been doing some work to get himself fit for the encounter.* The purport of this visit he quickly made known; it was to renew his claim to the stakes. On asking upon what he grounded his claim, he said on the non-appearance of Mace at the ring-side at the place appointed. We explained to him that this was untenable, inasmuch as the articles had not been complied with as to the choice of a referee, but to this he demurred, urging that according to the rules of the Ring of the P. B. A., a referee should be chosen on the ground; that the match had been made according to these rules, and that therefore, as Mace had failed to appear, he (Coburn) was fairly entitled to the money. It was in vain we explained to him that, by a special clause in the articles, it was stipulated that the referee was to be chosen the day before fighting, and that this not having been done, they were void, as the rules of the Ring could not override a special provision in the articles. He either could not or would not see the justice of our remarks. Not being endowed with the gift of the gab, however, he turned over his case to his mentor, Cusick, and this person, who had evidently come prepared—"having no defence to abuse the plaintiff"—at once opened the ball. Repeating Coburn's claims, he proceeded to say that had Mace chosen to come they could have fought without the interference of the police (this, too, in the face of the fact that at least 200 of the constabulary were close to the spot), that there would have been no difficulty in choosing a referee on the ground, as Coburn being anxious to fight would have agreed to ourselves or almost any one we suggested, and that the fact of Mace being in such a hurry to leave Dublin on Monday was sufficient to show that he never meant business from the first. We attempted to explain the real state of the case, but unsuccessfully. It was obvious that the American party had made up their minds to establish a grievance, and to fasten it upon us. Finding he could only obtain justice and equity from us, Mr. Cusick resorted to the second portion of his instructions (peradventure they only came from himself), and proceeded to abuse ourselves. He tried back to the Heenan and Sayers business, declared we, by our influence, had "jollied" him out of that, and now we had pursued a similar course with regard to Coburn. He threw out numerous insinuations against the English press generally, and ourselves in particular; declared that all English people going to the States had fair play, while the reverse was the state of things when a poor, innocent Yankee trusted himself among the English; and finally wound up by saying that, unless we handed over the stakes to Joe, they should consider they had been deliberately done out of the money. Mr. Cusick having had his say, appealed to Mr. James to follow on the same side, but that gentleman, convinced, we are persuaded, in his own mind that we were in the right, made a very lame effort to support his friends, and the conference broke up. On Friday morning, Oct. 14th, the same party assembled at our office, and opportunely on their arrival came a telegram from Mace, who was at Norwich, announcing that he would be at our office at 3:30 to meet Coburn. Joe, on this being read to him, said he had nothing to do with Mace, and only looked to us for the stakes. We could do no more than repeat what we had previously said, and after a little more gentle abuse from Mr. Cusick, Coburn said if he was to be done out of the stakes, to which he still considered he was entitled, he supposed he must draw his money, and this being the case we handed him a check for £500, and he and his friends left the room. We have grave doubts in our own minds whether it has been Coburn's intention to fight ever since his sparring exhibition at Liverpool, where *we now learn* he was easily "bested" by Bill Ryall, Joe Goss and Jack Rooke, all of whom have expressed their anxiety to fight him; and the conduct of his friends in employing Mr. James to arrange about a referee, instead of deputing that office to his supposed mentor, Ould Nat, who surely must have been better up to the ins and outs of the Ring than a stranger, looks very "fishy." We are fully convinced that had Nat been entrusted with the business, and also with the arrangements as to a place, he and Harry Brunton could easily have contrived to bring the matter to a definite and satisfactory termination.

After the two letters, one each from Coburn and Brunton, (see another part of this week's CLIPPER), and comments thereon. *Bell* proceeds to say:—"As to Mace, we have only to say he called on us on Friday afternoon, and on learning that Coburn had determined to draw as he could not get the whole of the money, declared his intention of making him fight at some time or other, either for love or money. He intimates that he will, next Thursday, be in a position to accept Coburn's offer to fight in Canada for £1,000 a side, receiving £300 for expenses; and will meet him at one o'clock, at our office to draw articles. He assures Coburn that, should the match be made, there will be no effort on his part to get out, as Coburn has done, by declining to have any known person to act as referee. Mace's money will be handed over to him and Harry Brunton conjointly, on Thursday next, at one o'clock, at our office, in the presence of those of his backers who choose to attend. Some portions of the stake, however, were put down on the understanding that if there was no fight, the money should be refunded. There will also be, as we have said before, a proportionate abatement from each sum put down to make up for the £100 which, by the articles, Mace had to give Coburn at the last deposit. It would not be fair to Mace to conclude without saying that his challenge to his backers to send in their names has verified his statement in our last, and the only letters we have received have been from those whose names are in his and Harry Brunton's lists. We now take our leave of the affair, and trust that it may never again fall to our lot to have to record so lamentable a termination to an affair which, in many quarters, had been anticipated with such keen relish." In regard to making a match to fight in the British Provinces in America, the *Sporting Life* of the same date says: 'Mace came up from Norwich on October 14th, and called upon the stakeholder, as well as at our office, expressing himself willing and anxious to fight Coburn anywhere, as well as at any time, or for any amount, from a "sov" upwards. The letter from Coburn offering to allow Mace £300 to fight for £1,000 in Her Majesty's dominions in America, appears to meet Mace's views to the letter; for he states, with more point than politeness, that he would fight in very close quarters indeed, or go to the end of the world to prove who is the better man. Mace will be at the stakeholder's on Thursday, October 20th, to make the match according to Coburn's challenge in our last, and prepared to deposit all or any portion of the stakes."

FROM THE CLIPPER'S SPECIAL REPORTER.

NEW YORK HOTEL, Leicester Square, Oct. 12.

FRIEND QUEEN: Coburn and Cusick arrived here from Liverpool yesterday morning, and are stopping at the New York Hotel. We took the earliest opportunity of calling at the different newspaper offices to convince them by ocular demonstration that Coburn, instead of being untrained, was, thanks to the exertions of his true and trusty friends, Cusick and Mackey, fit to fight for his life. They were completely taken aback when they saw Coburn, and had to admit against their will that even now he looks equally as well, if not better than Mace did the day before the fight was to have taken place, and now it is over a week since and Joe has had little or no exercise. When Coburn commenced training he was 13 stone 12lbs, and on the morning of the day set apart for the fight to come off he was just 10 stone 13lbs, which goes to show that he must have gone through an immense amount of hard work. He is now about 11 stone 6lbs, and as a matter of course is increasing in weight every day.

We waited at *Bell's Life* office yesterday, but not finding Mr. Dowling in, went to the *Sporting Life* office, where Coburn left a reply to Mace's bragging cards, explaining the circumstances connected with the affair, which was published, but at the same time severely criticised by the editor, at whose hands we looked for justice at least. I am quite satisfied that we shall have no opportunity of being fairly represented on this side the water, and know that the contemptible slurs aimed at the American party by the sporting press of England will be taken in the United States for what they are worth, which is simply nothing.

Coburn, Cusick and I had an interview with Mr. Dowling this afternoon, but nothing definite was arranged, and we have to meet again to-morrow. Cusick very pluckily and staunchly demanded the stakes for Coburn on the grounds that Mace left Ireland the evening before the fight was to have taken place, and insisted on having the whole of the money or none. There was a long argument, and Mr. Dowling was anxious to have Coburn make some proposition for the fight to come off in England, which he couldn't see. Mr. D. had no defence to make on Mace's behalf except that the articles stipulated that the referee should be agreed upon the day before the contest, and stated that neither party could claim. He appeared greatly embarrassed, and evidently saw that Mace had no more right to the stakes than an outsider, and said as much, at the same time refusing to entertain any idea of giving up the stakes to Coburn, to whom they rightfully belong. He offered to give Coburn £100 for his expenses if the match was to be a draw. Whether this will be the ultimate result I cannot yet foresee, as Coburn insists on getting his dues, but if the stakeholder should not see fit to do him justice, I suppose, rather than lose all, he may conclude to accept of his own money. Of this I shall know more by next mail. I intend to stay here until the affair is settled one way or the other. If Coburn gets the stakes he will fight Mace for £500 a side even up in two weeks from to-day, and give Mace the naming of the ground in Ireland—more than this nobody can do, and if he backs out of this he will not have a friend left in England. His reputation stands very bad now.

The masses of the people here and the majority of the frequenters of the sporting houses consider Coburn entitled to the money, and he has been enthusiastically received both here and in Liverpool, crowds following and cheering him wherever he goes.

Respectfully, E. J.

NEW YORK HOTEL, LEICESTER SQUARE, Oct. 15, 1864.

FRIEND QUEEN—The Mace and Coburn match is off, and Joe has been allowed £100 to draw the stakes, getting £500 for the £400 he put down, which is looked upon among most sporting men here as equivalent to an acknowledgment that he ought to have had the whole amount, if the stakeholder dared to give it up in the face of the demonstrations of the mob on Mace's side afterwards, which would have to be of the most ferocious character.

Coburn, Cusick, James Barclay, of California, Nat Langham and myself again waited on the stakeholder yesterday noon, and finding that he was afraid to give Coburn justice, the latter concluded to take one half the money, but vehemently asserted that he was being robbed out of the rest. Mr. Dowling stated that I was convinced that he was right, wherein we very much differ, for I am quite satisfied that if Coburn hadn't been entitled to the whole he would never have got a penny more than the money he posted, and as we might have talked all day without altering the decision, when asked for my say, I told him that he had heard everything, and that I agreed with Coburn and Cusick in every particular, but they have such a peculiar way of distorting facts to suit their own purpose that it makes little difference what a man says.

Mr. Dowling complains bitterly that "Ould Nat" wasn't entrusted with the management of affairs, but we knew our own business best, and didn't see fit to allow any one to interfere outside our own little band. He wanted a fight for the interest of his paper, and takes the affair greatly to heart because Coburn wouldn't consent to fight in England. Had "Ould Nat" any say he would have had Smith for referee, the same party who stood in the Heenan and King match, or some other one of the same kidney, and they would have had the affair broken up, and then this referee, having the naming of the next time and place, would have selected some part of England, and if Coburn refused to go, his money would have been in other hands than it now is to a moral certainty. These men think they're smart, but they were not smart enough for the American party.

While in the stakeholder's office, where we didn't stop over ten or fifteen minutes, it was a very singular thing that in that short space of time and at that particular time, a telegraphic dispatch should be handed Mr. Dowling, which he said just came from Mace, to the effect that he wished to meet us at half-past three o'clock; but the dodge, if dodge it was, wouldn't work. Coburn said that it was to him that he looked for justice, that everything was in his hands, and that Mace had nothing to say in the matter, that he came for the stakes, etc. Cusick told Dowling that all the world abided by his decision in all matters, and this was a very poor criterion of his judgment and sense of right if he refused to accede to Coburn's demand. He also very truthfully stated that there was no show for a stranger here unless he had a newspaper at his back, and if he ever crossed the ocean again on a similar errand, he would bring a newspaper with him. Jim proved himself a second Douglass, and we have christened him the little giant.

After getting the £500 cheque cashed, we paid a visit to a few of the sporting houses, and among others gave Nat Langham a call to get the colors he had left on hand, and the cash for those sold. We here met Bob Bunn and Montague, sent expressly by Mace, who hadn't the nerve to come himself—and in fact had cleared out of London as soon as he heard Coburn's party was looking for him, and remained away until yesterday afternoon—and a lively argument ensued. Bunn, anxious to recover "the lost hundred," said he would put up £100 against his £100 to make a match for Mace to fight in Canada: he wanted Nat Langham or *Bell's Life* to be stakeholder, and knowing that Coburn intended leaving that same evening for Liverpool, he would have had a fine chance to get his money again if he had parted with it. Mace, it is well known, hasn't a penny, and even now it is stated his cups and belts are in pawn, so that he has to pay out £100 more than he deposited, and Dowling is held responsible by his backers for the return of their money, because no one places any confidence in Mace in a financial point of view. Under these circumstances it looked very much like a "plant" to recover the lost century, and because we could see through their "cleverness" and gave them to understand as much, they went away completely chop-fallen.

Mace now pretends that he is willing to make a match with Coburn to fight in Canada, and that he will "make him fight some time or other for love or money," which sounds big, but there is nothing in it, for if Mace wanted a fight for fun he could have had it any day this week, as Coburn intended hitting him on the nose the first place he met him. No, no, he never showed his face in London all this week until Friday, when he had two or three hundred roughs with him around *Bell's Life* office, ready to do anything at his bidding. I advised Coburn not to go among this crowd, but wait till evening, when we might come across him in some of the sporting cribs. When I went to deliver Coburn's letter an immense crowd surrounded me, but further than jostling and staring, they made no attempt to assault or intimidate me. If Joe and Cusick had taken it into their heads to go, I expect there would have been lively times around there for a little while.

Coburn will not be foolish enough, after badgering about here for five months, to allow either the editor of *Bell's Life*, Jem Mace, or anybody else, rope him into making a fresh match here, but if Mace wishes to accept of Coburn's offer, take £300 for his expenses, and come to America, let him send on money to that effect, as Coburn did in reply to Mace's challenge, and allow an American or any responsible sporting man hold the stakes, as we have done with Dowling in a dozen instances, with Heenan, Lynch and Coburn, and follow himself afterwards—then we shall know that he means business.

Brunton's quarrel with Mace looks very pretty at this particular time, and certainly doesn't help the latter any, and he may be considered a dead cock in the pit, unless something extraordinary should happen to redeem his character. I enclose Brunton's letter, likewise Coburn's reply to Mace.

The spiteful insinuation as to Ryall, Goss and Rooke having "bested" Coburn, after the same paper had asserted just the contrary months ago, and that they all want to fight him, is like the dog swallowing his own vomit, and don't amount to a row of pins. When Goss sees this he will no doubt demand an explanation, as he and Coburn are on the most intimate terms, and it is no two to one that he doesn't come over in the same vessel as Coburn.

To show how prejudiced and one-sided the press are here, they refused to insert Mr. Bowler's letter contradicting the report under his own signature about his being a brother-in-law or related in any way to Coburn. I received a letter from Mr. B. yesterday morning early, in which he says that he wrote to *Bell's Life*, and as the paper doesn't go to press till late in the evening, they had plenty of time to insert it if it had suited them. What chance have we, I should like to know, to get fairly represented, when both sides of the question are not heard. But this bolstering up of Mace is only ridiculed by the people, who know better than believe all the buncombe sounded in his favor.

Cusick and Coburn left for Liverpool by the nine o'clock train last evening, from Euston Station, and were to have proceeded direct for Limerick. Coburn will probably take a benefit in Dublin, if a suitable place can be got, but he will not show in England under any circumstances.

The *Illustrated Sporting News* of to-day contains two full-page portraits of Coburn, in citizen's dress and fighting costume—also an engraving of the CLIPPER's representative, which makes him look as ferocious as the Menken's fiery, untamed steed, if not more so.

I calculate to stay in London till Sunday or Monday evening, and expect to sail for New York by Wednesday's steamer, as I can be of no further use here, and want to be home in time to vote for Little Mac.

Respectfully, E. J.

LETTER FROM HARRY BRUNTON ON JEM MACE'S STATEMENT AND VERACITY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LONDON ADVERTISER.

As Mace has published letters in the sporting journals, in which he reflects upon myself, and as you are considered the daily organ of fair sporting, I trust to your impartiality for the favor of inserting this reply. Mace says that "Mr. Brunton never found a shilling." A truthful statement of facts will be the best answer to this. I was appointed to receive all moneys to be staked on Mace's behalf, and the proof of my having done so is that I still hold the receipts for the money placed in the hands of the stakeholder. It is not to be supposed, nor have I ever asserted, that I found him the £600, but I did my best towards it. The sporting gentlemen placed their money in my hands, which I duly forwarded to *Bell's Life*; and since his letter I have asked several who they were "standing" money with, and their answer has uniformly been, "With you, Brunton." If I did not actually put the £600 down for him, it was deposited and raised by and through me. I am sorry to expose that which should have been secret, but in my own defence I must remind Mace that when a forfeit was imminent, and when only £100 a side had been posted, I went and made good the £50 on my own responsibility and risk, not knowing if the match had fallen through whether I should get back a farthing. Is not this finding money? Again, another peril assailed the progress of the match, and sooner than that it should be off, one of Mace's best friends advanced £45 beyond the £50 he had already given, at my most urgent appeal. Is not this "finding" or "getting" the money? In the list that gentleman will be found for ninety-five pounds instead of fifty pounds. These are facts that Mace, or his scribes, cannot gainsay. And now as to the Dublin affair. My leaving him without a shilling is simply false. Mace told me that he had plenty of money to get him to the ring side; be that as it may, I paid the hotel bill, amounting to £12 14s. 6d., out of which £11 2s. 3d. was for himself, Milner and Mr. Montague (Mace's secretary.) To say that I left him without a shilling is ungrateful as well as untrue, as I lent, or, as I suppose it will prove, gave him five pounds. When Milner came to the choice of the referee, I certainly would not give the vote out of my hands, having a due regard to those who had found the stakes and entrusted them in my hands. I named the representative of *Bell's Life* for referee, and, of course, I objected to a Mr. Bowler, whom I did not know, who was not present, and when I asked to see him he was not forthcoming. No possibility of the match coming off, I then said I had done with the affair, having a proper regard to those gentleman who had found the money on the understanding that it was a fair straightforward contest, and so I left. I did not leave Mace penniless, as I have proved. It was from no wish of mine that he showed in public or run races with bygone champions. I went from place to place, and did my best to bring off the match. I expended eight pounds ten shillings beyond twenty-five pounds I took with me to forward Mace's interest. This I do not regret; but I think it wrong that truth should be perverted. Mace says I "did not find a shilling." I repeat I held the vouchers for the whole of the stakes down at *Bell's Life*; and if any of the gentlemen who have found the money, with myself, do not receive their own again, it will be no fault of your obedient servant,

HARRY T. BRUNTON.

Beach street, Barbican, Oc. 8, 1864.

THE COBURN AND MACE BUBBLE.

Coburn's Reply to Mace's Card.

From the Sporting Life.

Any interest there may have been exhibited in this affair has dwindled to nothing, and the supporters of the Ring, after being so ruthlessly "sold," decline to enter into the merits or demerits of the case. All bets are off, and the only agitation still left is the contention for the stakes. Our readers are aware that each man claims the money, though they must know perfectly well that no advantage can possibly accrue from their proceedings, as the match was virtually off when they could not agree to a referee. We have already stated that Mace and his satellites left Ireland after the meeting on Monday, satisfied there would be no chance of bringing the fight to a satisfactory conclusion in the "Emerald Isle." Coburn, with Mr. James and others of his party, did not arrive in London till the early part of this week, and yesterday the American called on us, complaining bitterly of the treatment he had received from Mace's party, and especially of Jem's absence on Tuesday at Goold's Cross. He stated that had Mace been present there would have been no difficulty in bringing off the fight at the appointed spot. Coburn made a great parade of the impossibility of his having a fair fight in England, and he declared he would not meet Mace in this country *under any circumstances*. Mace's offer to give Coburn £200 to fight in England it appears has also roused the "dander" of the American, who, as a rejoinder, said he would allow Mace £300 if he will fight in Canada for £1000 a side. The absurdity of Coburn's proposition will be manifest to everyone, and few on this side of the Atlantic would care to go on a wild goose chase to Canada, to witness a repetition, in all probability, of the same shifty tactics. We should be surprised to hear that Mace accepted these terms, *although it is quite possible that Jem will make the journey*, so anxious does he *profess* to be to fight. Later in the day, Coburn again called at our office, and brought the following letter for publication, from which our readers will hear the other side of the question:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPORTING LIFE.

SIR: In reply to Mace's letter, I wish to inform the public that when I made the match, it was on condition that the fight should take place in Ireland, and nowhere else, and, for that purpose, I left a lucrative business; and, at an expense of several hundred pounds, brought two men from America expressly to superintend my training. After coming over 3,500 miles, I had every reason to expect some show of justice, instead of abuse, from the people who, above all others, make such great pretensions of befriending a stranger. Mace asserts that I would agree to no referee but Mr. Bowler—than whom, I may state, a more honorable man does not live in Ireland, or who is better posted as to the rules of the Ring, or better known among the sporting community. He also states that the gentleman is a brother-in-law of mine, to give more plausibility to the contemptible way he has taken to avoid meeting me in the ring. Both of these statements I pronounce untrue. To avoid any difficulty about the referee business, I was willing to take the usual course, and agree upon that party at the ring-side, when there would have been no trouble at all, and I should have had no objection to almost anybody he might see fit to name. I could see very well their meaning in wanting this point, as, by having the referee appointed beforehand, they could have the police on the ground, and, with their own men to act, would have had the privilege of naming another location, and selected some place in England, where he could have the mob at his back, for I am satisfied that he would resort to any means rather than fight a hundred miles from home. If Mace intended fighting, why did he stay in Dublin until Monday afternoon, and parade himself about the city, when he should have been secreted near the battle-ground, ready to enter the ring? And, as I made the match to fight in Ireland on October 4, how could he fight when he left Ireland the night before with his tail between his legs? Furthermore, the stakeholder did not send the ropes and stakes belonging to the Association, although the expenses were to have been borne alike. As for my not training, that would be all in his favor; but I can assure Mace that I was trained enough to have met him had he the courage to face me, and have no doubt as to the battle resulting in my favor. I offered to give Mace £200 to fight me on British ground in America, but he hadn't the pluck to accept, and, to stop his bouncing challenges to the world, I agreed to take £100 and fight him in Ireland. He now backs out of his own proposition, and wants to gull me into fighting in England by the promise of an additional £100, to which I do not see fit to agree, but, providing I get the stakes, to which I consider myself justly entitled according to the rules of the Ring, as Mace never showed on the ground, or even in the county, I will make a fresh match with Mace, and give him £300 to fight me in any part of the Queen's dominions in America, for £1,000 a side. To show how earnest I was in my intentions, I remained up to the end of the week in Ireland, and offered to give him the choice of ground there, but my friends and the public must be quite satisfied that he never meant fighting at all, unless he could have the battle come off in England. To stop his letter-writing, I wish him and all his school to understand that I shall not fight in England under any circumstances. Had Mace been at the ring-side and I not there, it requires no foresight to tell who would have got the money; and I therefore claim the stakes, to which I am entitled. Yours, &c.,

JOSEPH COBURN.

New York Hotel, Leicester square, October 11.

We are given to understand that the American party will have an interview with the stakeholder this week, after which we hope to hear the last of this sorry affair. Among the correspondence which has appeared, the remarkable epistle attributed to Archbishop Cullen turns out to be a hoax perpetrated by some clever Hibernian, who doubtless concocted the spurious "pastoral" under the influence of "Kinahan's L L." The P. R. is not in a very healthy state at present, but perhaps it is as well that we were spared the infliction of witnessing a mill in the wildest part of Ireland, with the inevitable accompaniments of shillelaghs and broken heads. [Just so, but you are quite ready to undergo the "infliction" in England.—ED. CLIP.]

PIGEON SHOOTING MATCHES

At Seacaucus, N. J.

THE lovers of pigeon shooting enjoyed a capital day's sport on Wednesday, the 26th ult., at the new Hoboken Race Course, Seacaucus, when several interesting matches were shot. The first was between Mr. Horace Sheldon, the worthy host of the hotel attached to the race track, and Mr. Morgan Francis of Hoboken; the former shooting off his left shoulder, four birds each. The score was as follows:—

Mr. Sheldon........................1 1 1 1—total 4
Mr. Francis........................0 0 1 —total 1

A match between the same parties, at six birds each, at the customary distance of rise, boundary and quantity of shot, followed, with the following result:—

Mr. Francis..............0 1 1 1 1 0—total, 4 out of 6
Mr. Sheldon..............0 1 1 0 1 0—total, 3 out of 6

A very interesting four-handed match, for $50 a side, between Messrs. John Ludlow and Dan Kelly against Messrs. Wheatley and Carroll, at eleven birds each, twenty-one yards rise, eighty yards boundary, and 1⅛oz. shot, followed. All of the four are well known excellent shots, and the match created considerable excitement, and a good deal of betting. When Messrs. Wheatley and Carroll were two birds ahead on the sixth round, $20 to $5 were currently offered; but on the eleventh round, when the score was equal, the betting became even. As will be seen from the subjoined score, the match ended in a tie.

Ludlow..............1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—11
Kelly...............1 1 0 1 0 0 1 0 0 1 0— 5
Total..16
Wheatley............1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1—10
Carroll.............1 1 1 1 0 0 1 0 0 1 0— 6
Total..16

PIGEON MATCH—WHEATLEY VS. HARRISON.—A match for $50, between Messrs. Wheatley of Seacaucus, and Harrison of Newark, was shot on Saturday, Oct. 29th, on the meadows at Mr. Oscar Sanford's Halfway House, between Newark and Jersey City. The conditions were, to shoot at eleven birds each, 21 yards rise and 80 yards boundary, shot unlimited. Mr. Wheatley is only just becoming known in pigeon shooting circles, but promises to take the very highest rank among our crack shots, from the steadiness and unerring accuracy of his shooting. He killed nine birds in succession, and Harrison having only killed six in that number, it being impossible to tie, resigned the contest. We give the score of the shooting:—

Mr. Wheatley..................1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—9
Mr. Harrison..................1 1 0 1 1 0 0 1 1—6

After adjourning to the hostelrie of that famous game shot and unequalled trainer and breaker of sporting dogs, the well-known Oscar Sandford, and partaking of his prime old apple jack, for which he is deservedly celebrated, another four-handed match was arranged to be shot for at John Ludlow's, Union Hill, on Monday, Nov. 7th, between 12 o'clock M. and 2 o'clock P. M. The parties are Messrs. Ludlow and Wheatley against Messrs. Myers and Folger, of Newark, eleven birds each, 1⅛oz. shot, ground trap, for one hundred dollars.

PIGEON MATCH.—A match between Mr. Horace Sheldon of Seacaucus, and Mr. Morgan Francis of Hoboken, for $50, comes off on Tuesday afternoon, Nov. 1st, at Dan Kelly's hotel, Hackensack Plank Road. The conditions are, to shoot at eleven birds each, 1⅛oz. shot, 21 yards rise and 80 yards boundary. There will be a good muster of well-known knights of the trigger present on the occasion.

AN AMERICAN HORSE AT NEWMARKET.

NEWMARKET COURSE, Oct. 11.—A handicap sweepstakes of fifteen sovereigns each, ten forfeit, for three year olds and upwards, seven furlongs, two hundred and twelve yards. (Eight subs.)

Lord Coventry's Umpire, by Lecomte—Alice Carneal—(bred in America), aged nine stone..........J. Adams 1
Mr. J. Osborne's Lyra, three years, six stone..........Carrol 2
Mr. J. Kent Jr., Diomed, three years, six stone eleven pounds..........J. Grimshaw 3

The following also ran:—Moulsey, Oberon and Melrose.

Betting. Two to one against Umpire, five to two against Moulsey, four to one against Melrose, five to one against Diomed, and one hundred to fifteen against Lyra. The latter made play, closely attended by Diomed and Umpire to the bushes, where Umpire passed the pair, and, after an exciting struggle, won by a head; the same between second and third; Oberon was fourth, Moulsey fifth, Melrose last.

COMING HOME.—Joe Coburn and party, and the CLIPPER's special reporter, are supposed to be on board the City of Manchester, now due at this port.

THE TURF.

The Horseman's Friend.---A Retired Veterinarian will send, on receipt of thirty cents (to defray advertising expenses), a Receipt for the treatment and cure of the following diseases of the Horse:—

FISTULA, OR POLE EVIL;
HOOF-BOUND, OR TENDER FEET;
HOOF-EVIL, OR THRUSH;
STIFF SHOULDERS, OR SWEENEY;
FOUNDER IN THE FIRST STAGES;
BIG OR MILK LEG;
SCRATCHES;
CORNS, &c., &c.

For a Receipt for RINGBONE AND SPAVIN, I will be obliged to charge $1, the same for which I have sold for $250 to men of the trade. For the first sum—viz., thirty cents—I will send a receipt for making any of the following:—Blue Ointment, Black Ointment, Green Ointment, Hoof Ointment, Iodine Ointment, Johnson's Liniment, White Ointment, Eye Lotion, Physic Ball, Drops for Making Old Horses Young. Address, with postage stamp, DOCTOR W.,
30-2t* Station F, New York Post Office.

FLORA TEMPLE UNDER THE HAMMER.

SHE BRINGS $8,000.

SALE OF THE BLOODED STOCK, GUNS, ETC., OF THE LATE WILLIAM McDONALD.

On Tuesday, October 26th, Mr. F. W. Bennett, by order of the administrators, sold the large and valuable blooded stock of the late William McDonald, Esq. The sale attracted to Guilford, his late residence, three miles from the city of Baltimore, on the Park road, one of the largest gatherings ever seen on a similar occasion in Maryland, there being at one time not less than five thousand persons on the ground, which bore more the appearance of a cattle show or race track than a public sale. Both the York and Charles street avenue roads were crowded with all descriptions of vehicles during the day, and the York Road Passenger Railway Company ran extra cars on the occasion.

The CLIPPER gives the following account of the sale:—The first animal offered was the world renowned Flora Temple, the fastest trotter ever known; she was led into the ring looking as sleek and skipped about as frisky as a colt. The first bid was $1000, which was gradually increased until she was knocked down to Mr. George G. Prestbury, of Baltimore county, for $8000, it being generally understood that a gentleman of Philadelphia was a joint purchaser. Flora Temple is now eighteen years old, but kind treatment and good usage has had the usual effect upon her, and any one not well versed on the subject would readily take her for a young animal.

Gray Bird and Brown Mare, a fine double team, were next on the catalogue, but just as Mr. Bennett was about offering them, he received a note from Mrs. McDonald, requesting him to withdraw them, as she had determined to keep them for her own private use; she also desired Mr. B. to say to those present that those fine animals were not withdrawn for the purpose of being sold at private sale, as hereafter they were not for sale at any price. The withdrawal of this team appeared to be received with some dissatisfaction, as there were a number of gentlemen present from other cities anxious to possess it.

The Chicago team, Henry Clay and Dutchman, were next knocked down to Mr. Lee Knight, of New York, for $1650. Frank and Blinker, a pair of fine bob tail bays, known as the clipped team, were the next, and were taken by the New York purchaser of Lady Sutton, at $900. Colonel and Captain, a very stylish pair of long tail brown horses, six and seven years old, were bought by Mr. W. Buckler, for $725. Whipple, a bob tail bay horse, was purchased by Mr. C. A. Mitchell, of Washington, for $210. Frank, Jr., sold for $60 to Mr. L. Hartsburg. Guilford, a gray stallion, five years old, sired by Revenue, dam imported gray Arabian, was bought by Mr. A. W. Sandford, of New York, for $1300. Before leaving the ground the purchaser was offered $2000 for him. Lady Guilford, a sorrel filly, four years old, sired by Revenue, dam imported bay Arabian, was purchased by Mr. H. J. Jewett.

The two Arabian mares, Esnea and Saieda, imported from Arabia at a cost of upwards of $7000, attracted much attention. The first named, a beautiful bay, with a colt, six months old, was purchased by Mr. H. J. Jewett for $550, and the gray mare by Mr. J. H. Rieman for $675. Coquette, a sorrel mare, three years old, sired by Burlington, dam, the Troupe mare, very gentle in harness, was purchased by Mr. C. C. Fulton, of the American, for $950; her full sister, two years old, called Pauline, was taken by Mr. R. Thompson for $625; Fanny, a bay filly, one year old, sired by Burlington, dam, the Troupe mare, was taken by Mr. H. C. Wyeth for $275; Jenny, a sorrel filly, six months old, sired by Burlinton, dam, the Troupe mare, was taken by Mr. Henry Grafton for $240; Kate, a sorrel filly, one year old, sired by Burlington, dam, Mary Ann, was purchased by Mr. C. M. Dougherty for $260.

Much interest was manifested when Burlington, Jr., was offered; he is a beautifully formed dark iron gray stallion, one year old, sired by Burlington; dam Messenger mare; Burlington, it will be recollected, was sired by Geo. M. Patchen, dam Monmouth Eclipse, and both being now dead, there was quite a spirited contest for the possession of their descendent; he was finally knocked down to Mr. Chas. M. Dougherty for $725. The well-known mare Lizzie McDonald, with a colt six months old by her side, was also bought by Mr. Dougherty for $1350. The Gray Messenger mare, about eight years old, said to be one of the finest brood mares in the country, was purchased by the New York purchaser of Lady Sutton, and the "clipped team," for $500. This was the last horse on the catalogue.

The next articles offered were the carriages. The family barouche, manufactured to order by Messrs. Wood Brothers, of New York, sold for $625, Mr. A. Johnson, purchaser; the family close carriage, made by Mr. Curlett, of Baltimore, brought $250. Some dozen or more carriages were sold, all bringing good prices. A single New York sleigh, lined with green plush of superior finish, was bought by Mr. J. C. Cockey for $135, and a single New York sleigh, lined with green plush of the most costly finish, was taken by Mr. Lewis Turner, at $225. Two collars of sleigh bells were knocked down to Mr. Thomas Kensett for $45. A large amount of harness was next offered, and sold at good prices.

The appearance of the driving whips of the deceased caused a contest to get possession of them. A gentleman of New York gave $55 for a single whip, designing to present it to a club in that city, the members of which held the deceased in high esteem. The robes, blankets, &c., also caused some competition—the pair used by the Arabian mares selling for $160; the white flannel dress hood, worn by Flora Temple, was taken by her new owner at a high figure. The five elks were purchased by Mr. A. H. Porter, of New York, at $200 a piece; the Druid Hill Park Commissioners run them up to $185, but would not advance on the sum named by New York. It is understood that these beautiful animals were bought for the King of Sardinia, who designs stocking his kingdom with American game.

The superior double-barrel ducking-gun, breech-loading, manufactured to order by Purdy, of London, was purchased by Mr. Alexander Brown for $1325; another costly ducking-gun, by the same maker, was sold for $500, and a third for $400; a number of others were sold at lower rates. Two pairs of well-broke pointer dogs were knocked down to Mr. E. Clabaugh at $115 each. Two well-broke water dogs sold for $40. The sale lasted until 5 o'clock, and every article on the catalogue was sold except the team withdrawn by Mrs. McDonald. The entire amount realized was upwards of $30,000, being the largest sale of the kind ever held in this section of the country.

TROTTING AT THE RIVERSIDE PARK.—A trot came off on this track on the 27th Oct., with the following result:

Sweepstakes $150—mile heats—best 3 in 5 to harness.

W. W. Comeo ns g Eli	1	0	2	1
Frank Briggs ns b g Prince	3	0	1	2
J. J. Bowen ns b g Dan	2	3	3	3

Time, 2:43¼; 2:45¼; 2:43; 2:26¾.

TROTTING NEAR BOSTON.—Another trot took place at the Riverside Park on the 26th of October, of which the following is a summary:—

RIVERSIDE PARK, Oct. 26—Match $200, mile heats, best three in five, to harness.

J. W Colton named br g Major Christie	1	1	1
Robert Henry named blk g Daniel Webster	2	2	2

Time, 2,56; 2:48¼; 2:52¼.

TROTTING ON THE UNION COURSE, L. I.—A match for $500, mile heats, in harness, between the two New Jersey stallions, Abdallah Chief and Tormentor, came off on the Union Course on Monday, October 24th. At the start the betting was even, but Tormentor went so badly in scoring that it became $100 to $20 against him. He broke so badly that he was distanced in the first heat. Summary:—

UNION COURSE, L. I., Monday, Oct. 24th—Match $500, mile heats, in harness.

R. Walker named b s Abdallah Chief	1
C. Van Wagner named blk s Tormentor	dis.

Time, 2:44¼.

THE RIVERSIDE PARK FIRE.—Since the last issue of the CLIPPER Mr. Beckwith's celebrated horse Prince has died, from the effects of the burns sustained in the late disastrous fire. Henry Clay and Sorrel Dan are expected to recover, but it is feared Daniel Lambert will not survive. The fire is supposed to have originated in the carelessness of some groom, smoking in the hayloft.

FLORA TEMPLE.—We are glad to learn that there is every likelihood of this universally popular favorite, once the undisputed Queen of the Trotting Turf, appearing once more on the track. She was purchased for $8000, for Mr. Welsh, of Philadelphia, and will, we believe, be trained under the direction of the well-known experienced horseman, Mr. James Hammill, of this city. Look out, therefore, for rare sport on the trotting course next season.

CANINE.

DOG DISPUTE IN NEW ORLEANS.—A canine contest came off in the Spanish Cock Pit, New Orleans, on the 16th of October, between Mr. John Varian's brindle and white dog Jack and Patrick Carroll's white dog Snap, at 25lbs. weight. Snap had the advantage in weight by about 2lbs., he being a 25lb. dog, and Jack only 23lbs. The match was for $250 a side. Before the fight, the betting was 2 to 1 on Jack. Both dogs were let go at the same time, when Jack took Snap by the fore shoulder, and took first and second fall. Then it was pretty even for 30 minutes, when Snap took the lead and killed his dog in 50 minutes. There was no turn taken till the dog was dead. Jack fought on the fore shoulder, and Snap on the nose and throat. The fight lasted altogether one hour and seven minutes.

ANOTHER CANINE MATCH.—Harry Jennings has matched his white slut Kate, 16¼lbs., against D. Jones' brindle and white slut Fly, same weight, for $250 a side, Jones allowing $50 for expenses. They are to come together on the 22d inst. A deposit of $100 has been received.

29 POUNDER.—A correspondent in New Orleans says there is a dog in that city that can be matched at 29lbs. against any other of that weight for from $300 to $1000.

CANINE DISPUTES.—We have received $400 from Harry Jennings of Boston, being his second deposit in the match between his dog Bowler and John Welsh's brindle dog with white face, for $1000 a side, to come off on the 21st inst. Harry has staked $50 for one of his dogs to fight Blinkey Riley's dog at 23¼lbs., for $100 a side, on the 17th inst. Another match between a Boston slut and a New York slut, for $200 a side, also comes off on the 23d inst. Harry will be at Patsy Nolan's, 202 Centre street, in this city, from the 15th to the 25th Nov., where he will be proud to meet any of his old friends, as well as any one wishing to purchase his Patent Magic Soap for destroying fleas in dogs, etc.

BIG HUNT.—They had a big hunt at Alton, Ill., recently, the two rival parties being under the command respectively of Captains T. Pinckard and L. Pfeiffenberger. There was more hunt than game, 494 counts being the total, the fifing burghers having a majority of four; so the other party "cove in," and had no fifing about it either.

THE RING.

INDIAN CLUBS! INDIAN CLUBS!!--No better gymnastic appliances exist for simplicity of use, or tending more to a general development and strengthening of the physical system, than the Indian Club, and it is fast coming into public favor as a means of exercise. Mr. S. D. KEHOE, the principal manufacturer of Indian Clubs in this country, is now in receipt of orders from all sections, and he is filling them up as rapidly as possible. Mr. Kehoe made the Clubs used by JOHN C. HEENAN and JOE COBURN, the Pugilistic Champions, in their training. Also for DUDLEY KAVANAGH, the Billiard Champion, and JAMES HAMILL, the Aquatic Champion.

Clubs, 6 to 8 lbs. .... $5 per pair
" 10 to 12 " .... 6 " "
Dumb Bells, from .... $3 to 4 " "

Orders addressed to S. D. KEHOE, BOX 4810, Post Office, New York, will receive immediate attention.

All orders outside of New York city must be accompanied with the money. 23-tf

TRY HARRY JENNINGS' PATENT INFALLIBLE MAGIC SOAP.



For the destruction of FLEAS, &c., IN DOGS, and all other Animals. Sold by the Patentee at Fifty cents per Box, or $4 per doz. Druggists and Shippers supplied, by
HARRY JENNINGS,
32 Portland street, Boston.
Agents wanted. 28

THE NAUTILUS BRANCH.--THOMAS O. BURNS has removed from the Old Homestead on Staten Island to this City, and can hereafter always be found at No. 1 BARCLAY STREET, on the corner of Broadway, where he has laid in a store of the Choicest Wines, Liquors, Ales, and Cigars, making his bar unsurpassed in quality. Mr. Burns will always be happy to see his friends and the public at the Branch, where all the above luxuries can be enjoyed in Oriental style. 16-3m

BOXING GLOVES! BOXING GLOVES!!---OLD BILL TOVEE, Master of Ceremonies of the Ring, will send per express a superior sett of GLOVER'S BOXING GLOVES, to any State now in the Union, on receipt of $6. GLOVES CLEANED at the shortest notice. Address WILLIAM TOVEE,
14-tf No. 575 Second av., corner of 35th st., N. Y. City.

"ED WILSON,"
Has fitted up the elegant and extensive premises at
No. 16 LEROY PLACE,
Corner of Bleecker and Greene streets,
as a first class Bar and Club Room, where the worthy host is ready to bid a hearty welcome to all. His Wines, Liquors, and Cigars are unsurpassed, and everything is of the best quality. A splendid PORTRAIT GALLERY on exhibition. 27-3m

THE CHARLES H. MARSHALL HOUSE.
MICHAEL HENRY.......................Proprietor.
No. 69 FULTON STREET, BROOKLYN.
THE CHOICEST
ALES, WINES, LIQUORS, AND SEGARS. 20-3m*

THE X-10-U-8,
No. 12 EAST HOUSTON STREET.
HARRY LAZARUS.......................Proprietor
Everything "Pro Bono Publico." Edibles, Bibibles, and Smokables, all "non com paratus est." Then welcome all, heartily welcome every one. Open Day and Night.
PRIVATE LESSONS GIVEN IN SPARRING. 52-tf

Harry Hill's
EXCHANGE CLUB ROOMS AND RESTAURANT,
NO. 26 EAST HOUSTON STREET,
Near Broadway.
FAMOUS FOR ITS OPTIME REFRESHMENTS.
WINES, LIQUORS, ALES, AND CIGARS A NO. 1.
THE HEADQUARTERS FOR ALL SPORTING ON DITS,
HARMONY, SOCIABILITY, MUSIC AND DANCING.
HARRY HILL is also Proprietor of that Suburban retreat, known as the PARK COTTAGE, cor. 71st st. and 3d Ave. 19-3m*

IZZY LAZARUS, Eagle Shades,
223 CENTRE STREET, One Door from Grand st.
Choice Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Segars. Chops, Steaks, Welsh Rarebits, and Cold Cuts, at all hours. FREE AND EASY Monday and Saturday Evenings. IZZY LAZARUS, Proprietor. [8-tf

SADDLE ROCK OYSTER and DINING SALOON,
136 CHATHAM STREET.
Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Segars of superior quality.
Refreshments at all hours.
M. TRAINOR, Proprietor.
PRIVATE LESSONS IN THE ART OF SELF DEFENCE, by
17-tf MICHAEL TRAINOR.

The California Exchange,
NO. 428 BROOME STREET, near Broadway.
JOHNNY LAZARUS.......................Proprietor.
The very best Ales, Wines, Liquors and Cigars.
A GRAND BALL EVERY EVENING.
17. OPEN NIGHT AND DAY.

White House. White House.
JOE COBURN & CAPT. SAUNDERS, PROPRIETORS.
No. 113 GRAND ST., near BROADWAY.
Everything of the best brand. Wines, Liquors, Ales, Segars, to suit the most fastidious. All the Great News of Coburn's match with Mace for the Championship of the World to be learned from Sir Joseph's Uncle, the valiant captain of the 69th Regiment Irish Volunteers. A splendid Oil Painting of the American Champion just added—also a Photograph of the Irish-American trio, taken in Bellingoola. The White House is the only house in the country where reliable "tips" on the forthcoming mill may be learned. 19-tf

BILLIARD HALL, No. 206 Eighth Avenue.
Five of Phelan & Collender's unsurpassable tables; the Bar well stocked and the coolest and best lighted rooms in the city.
12-tf MELVIN FOSTER, Proprietor.

"Sportsman's Hall,"
COR. THIRD AND WOOD STS., PITTSBURGH, PA.
JOHNNY LOUDON hereby informs his friends and the sporting public that this famous hostelrie is now second to none in the country for its SUPERIOR VIANDS, and CIGARS, GIGANTIC PORTRAIT GALLERY, and general Fixtures.
PUBLIC SPARRING every Saturday evening.
PRIVATE INSTRUCTION in the Art of BOXING by
21-3m* JOHNNY LOUDON.

Sparring Academy,
BY PROFESSOR J. W. WHITNEY,
639 BROADWAY,
(2d door below Bleecker street,) NEW YORK.
Hours from 7 to 10 o'clock.
Over J. E. BLANCAN & Co's
25-tf WINE AND FRUIT STORE.

Do Drop In,
BY BILLY DONNELLY.
ALES, WINES, LIQUORS, AND CIGARS.
156 AVENUE C, corner of Tenth street, New York. 26

John C. Orem's Champion Saloon,
VIRGINIA CITY, MONTANA TERRITORY.
THE BEST OF ALES, WINES, LIQUORS, AND SEGARS
kept constantly on hand. I have also
THE FINEST PICTURE GALLERY WEST OF NEW YORK CITY.
SPARRING,
CONCERT AND FREE AND EASY EVERY WEEK.
PRIVATE LESSONS GIVEN IN SPARRING. 28-6t*

Fulton Ale Vaults.
ED. LOWERY,
Is happy to inform his old friends that he is once more at his Old Stand.
59 FULTON STREET, BROOKLYN,
Where the choicest ALES, WINES, LIQUORS, and SEGARS, are kept constantly on hand. Free and Easy every evening.
Free use of Dumb Bells, Clubs, and Gloves. 28-3m*

Rocky Moore & Barney Friday,
Are on hand to welcome all the Sporting Band,
First-class Swells or Lady Killers—
Farmers' Sons and the Guerrilas,
All will here be treated right,
And welcome find both day and night.
THE 10-40 LOAN,
14 EAST HOUSTON STREET, NEW YORK.
M. H. MOORE, [27-3m] B. FRIDAY.

Arbor House,
NO. 5 SEDGWICK, ONE DOOR FROM COLUMBIA STREET, BROOKLYN.
JOHNNY KEATING & JOE HEARN....Proprietors.
Best of Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Segars constantly on hand. Sparring Lessons given every Monday and Wednesday evening by Johnny Keating. All SPORTING INFORMATION to be learned at this House. 29-3m*

THE DUNN AND DWYER MATCH.—The deposit of $100 a side due for this pugilistic event on Oct. 25th, was made at the proper time at the house of Patrick Keenan, corner of Baltic and Columbia streets, Brooklyn, and was subsequently placed in the hands of the final stakeholder. Dunn has already gone into training, having taken up his quarters at John Kearnan's, Flatlands, under the supervision of John Galvin, the experienced trainer, all the way from Tipperary, Ireland. The next deposit of $100 a side is to be made at the house of Patrick Kelly, corner of York and Pearl streets, Brooklyn, on Tuesday, Nov. 1st.

DWYER, who is matched to fight Dunn, is training at Mark Maguire's, Cayuga House, 8th ave., between 143d and 144th streets. John Biglin, of boating fame, who is matched to row a race on the 2d inst., with W. Hayes, has also been training at the same place. Mark's house is a favorite resort for the sporting fraternity; while the country around there is well adapted for training purposes.

CAPT. SANDERS, Jim and Mike Coburn were in Liverpool at last accounts.

JOHNNY LAZARUS and Barney Aaron had a match in contemplation last week, and $50 a side had been staked, but the mother of Johnny had a warrant served upon that belligerent, and he was bound over in the sum of $500 to preserve the peace for sixty days. Barney Aaron got the $50 forfeit.

SPARRING EXHIBITION IN PITTSBURGH.—A sparring entertainment, for the benefit of Tom Ryan of Cincinnati, took place at Johnny London's, Sportsman's Hall, Pittsburgh, on the 26th of October, in the presence of a crowded house. Among those who set to on the occasion were Johnny Newell, Young Kelly, Dave Lewis, Johnny Hamill, Tom Reese, Johnny Loudon, etc. The wind-up, which was a very clever display, was between Loudon and Ryan. The exhibition was conducted in an orderly manner, and evidently gave general satisfaction. Mr. Ryan desires us to return his thanks to his Pittsburgh friends for their kindness to him while there. Loudon, Ryan, Newell, etc., were in this city last week, *en route* to see the Martin and Harris affair, but were too late to catch the train, and didn't miss anything by it.

THE MATCH BETWEEN HARRIS OF NEW YORK AND PETER MARTIN OF PHILADELPHIA.

ANOTHER DISAPPOINTMENT AND INGLORIOUS FIZZLE.

TWO RINGS PITCHED NINE MILES APART.

WHOLESALE ARREST OF SPECTATORS ON THE RETURN.

THE fight between Dooney Harris of this city and Peter Martin of Philadelphia, for one thousand dollars a side, arranged to come off on Friday, the 28th ult., terminated in another of those disappointments so annoying to the fancy. The match was made in the latter part of July last, when Harris—who had defeated, in such gallant style, Patsy Marley, the plucky antagonist of Con Orem, the champion of Colorado Territory—finding his endeavors fruitless to get on a match with the latter, was compelled to look nearer home, and Peter Martin of Philadelphia, a much bigger man in every respect, having expressed his willingness to fight either Con Crem or himself, provided his (Martin's) friends would back him, arrangements were speedily consummated, and articles of agreement duly signed, sealed and delivered, along with the forfeit and the first deposit, into the hands of the appointed stakeholder.

It is unnecessary here to give a detailed account of the previous performances of the principals in the roped arena; but a fresh synopsis is necessary to make our report perfect. Dooney Harris was born in the borough, London, in April, 1831, and is consequently verging towards his thirty-fourth year. He stands 5 feet 7 inches in height, and 'Fistiana" gives his fighting weight at 133lbs. The same authority, ignoring one or two mills for small amounts, in which he was successful, records his first debut in the prize ring as being with Nick Hannigan, for £25 a side, by whom he was unexpectedly defeated, after outfighting Old Nick at all points, and apparently having victory in his grasp. The battle lasted 106 minutes, in which time 56 rounds were fought. Dooney attributed his defeat to a sudden and violent attack of pains in his side, which prevented him from following up his advantage. He next fought and defeated Joe Baldock, June 30, 1857, for £25 a side, in 24 rounds and 45 minutes; the police interfered, and Baldock refused to renew the battle. On Feb. 21, 1860, he met and fought that game and scientific boxer, Jem Dillon, for £25 a side, and after a most determined and plucky contest, in which both men exhibited the most unflinching gameness, the seconds of Harris threw up the sponge, a severe fall having extinguished his chance of winning. He laid on the shelf for some time, and being desirous of trying his fortunes in the New World, came over here unheralded and made his bow to an American audience at Bob Smith and Izzy Lazarus' benefit, at Newark, in January, 1864, under the modest cognomen of John Marsh. Dropping his adopted title, he resumed the name given him by his godfathers and godmothers, and on his second appearance officiated as second to Dick Hollywood in his memorable fight with Johnny Keating. His match with Patsey Marley and the clever victory he obtained, are of too recent date to render further allusion necessary.

Peter Martin is of Irish birth, hailing from the county Meath, although he has been a resident in "the home of the brave and land of the free" for some years. He is twenty-seven years of age, stands about five feet eight inches in height, and weighs 160 pounds. He first became known to the public by his challenge to fight any man in the country for $300 or $500 a side. He next tried to get on a wrestling match with Con Orem at side holds, but this fell through owing to some disagreement about the terms. Discouraged at the backwardness of the New York pugilists to make a match, and anxious for first honors, Martin went to Philadelphia, and in September of last year he took a benefit there, and reissued his challenge against all comers. His *defi* was taken up by Jim Sennett, a tough looking, square built fellow, then thought highly of in Philadelphia. The match was made, and the men met November 24th, at Valley Green, about ten miles from Philadelphia, on the Norristown Railroad. Sennett had the best of the fighting at first, but his condition was far inferior to Martin's. Both displayed great pluck, and were pretty equally matched in science, or, rather, the want of it. After fighting 46 rounds in one hour and fifteen minutes, Sennett fell accidentally without a blow, and the referee decided the battle in favor of his opponent.

Tuesday, October 25th, was the day appointed for the last deposit, and the toss for the choice of ground. On that day the representatives of the men met. After the financial part of the business had been satisfactorily settled, the representatives tossed for choice of fighting ground, when Martin won. Some conversation ensued as to the possibility of engaging a special train, and both men mutually agreed that Sam Davis, the ring commissioner, should be authorized to furnish the ropes and stakes, and put up both the inner and outer rings. With this understanding, all parties left.

On Thursday afternoon our reporter took the four o'clock train to proceed to Otisville, which he understood was the place appointed. On board the cars, he met nearly all the leading members and patrons of the P. R. belonging to New York, together with a large number of sport loving citizens, anxious, many of them, for the first time, to witness a prize fight. Coming across the two parties who had been retained to second Martin, we inquired the precise locality where the mill was to come off, and were told that it was about a mile from Otisville. Passing through the cars, we saw Dooney comfortably seated among his seconds and principal backers; he looked full of life and spirits, and told us he never felt better. No one seemed to know whether Martin was on the train or not, and it subsequently transpired that he had left New York for Port Jervis on the previous day (Wednesday). On board the cars were a large number of New York thieves and pickpockets of the very worst class, who are almost invariably to be found at prize-fights, unless the spot fixed upon is too remote and the travelling expense too great for their exchequers. These fellows commenced operations after leaving Paterson; crowding upon the platforms of the cars, they hustled the passengers as they got in and out at the various stations, and robbing them of their watches and purses. Numerous were the complaints made to the conductor by parties who had lost their wallets, but of course there was no redress, as the perpetrators could not be identified. One old gentleman, stated to be from Kentucky, of the name of Waite, had his pocket-book, containing some $500, abstracted; the shock on discovering his loss was so great as to bring on an appoplectic fit, which terminated fatally, and his remains were left at the Goshen depot, so it is stated. At every station, forewarned by telegraph of the lawless characters on the train, the refreshment rooms were found closed and securely locked up. As it was a way-train, it stopped at every station, and the same scenes were re-enacted. Finding on enquiry that the hotel accommodations at Otisville were very limited, there being only two small hostelries in the place, we determined to stop short at Middletown, distant nine miles from Otisville, engage a conveyance, and make an early start next morning. Informing one or two friends of our intentions, they proposed to follow our example, and on arriving at Middletown we left the train. Proceeding to the Jefferson House, one of the best and most comfortable hotels in the State, and of which our old friend, Seth Holding, who formerly kept in Cedar street in New York, is the jolly host, we met with a hearty welcome, and about half a hundred well known New Yorkers, who, disgusted with their travelling companions, had formed the same resolution as ourselves, to stay over night at Middletown. Here we learned that the livery stable keepers were so alarmed at the class of characters proceeding to the fight, that a team could not be hired for love or money. A small douceur in the hands of Pat, the ostler, secured his services, and after considerable hunting around among the farmers, he engaged for our party two large open market wagons, each capable of holding half a score passengers, at war prices, to be on hand at four o'clock next morning. A good night's rest and one of the worthy hostess' abundant and appetizing breakfasts, and we were ready for the road long before daybreak, as the articles specified that the men were to be in the ring between 7 and 9 A. M., and we wished to reach Otisville in time. Our kind host, who has a lingering predilection for a good mill, and tells in capital style about his visit to Boston Corners, could not resist the temptation of witnessing the fight, and volunteered to drive us over to Otisville in his covered wagon. Through a drenching storm of rain, that continued all the day, we at last reached Otisville, and under the piazzas of the two hotels we found all the sports assembled. Dooney Harris was in the Washington Hotel, but we could learn nothing of Martin's whereabouts; even his principal backer was ignorant of it. We there learned of the horrible outrage committed here during the night by the lawless scoundrels who hang like an incubus upon the events of the prize ring. The particulars have already been so extensively published by the daily press that we will spare our readers the disgusting details. So revolting were they that one of the most prominent members of the pugilistic fraternity denounced the perpetrators in the most unmeasured terms, and declared his willingness to assist in inflicting summary justice on the guilty parties, if they could be discovered. Time wore on and we could discover no signs of a move to the ring, the locality of which, Sam Davis, the commissary, whom we discovered wandering disconsolately around, after having been "relieved" of his purse and overcoat, pointed out to us. At last Jim Colbert was summoned by the brother of Martin's principal backer and requested to postpone the fight for an hour, if he would not agree to do so for a week. This Colbert refused, saying his man was ready, the ring pitched, and that the fight should go on. Dooney now made his appearance and a start was made for the ring, about a mile distant from the town. On our walk down, Dooney complained bitterly of the treatment he had met with in the place. He had had nothing to eat from breakfast of the preceding day, until that morning, when he got a cup of cold tea, and a half cooked steak; the man he had sent on to look after his accommodation, (Jack Leonard) had entirely neglected to do so, and he never in all his ring experience met with such treatment. Of course, Leonard was the party responsible, and we should think Dooney will have nothing more to do with such an attendant. We found the ring pitched on a beautiful piece of turf, with a double ring. Throwing his castor into the ring, Dooney stepped across the ropes amid loud cheers. Addressing the numerous crowd he stated that he was there to fight and would do his best to win. Enquiries for Martin met with no response, and as time wore on, all began to fear the Newark hatter was going to show the white feather, and imitate Jem Mace's example in shirking the fight. Nine o'clock, the limit of the time appointed for the men to appear in the ring, arrived, but no Peter Martin. After giving a few minutes grace for Peter to appear, Harris formally and publicly announced that he claimed the stakes, in accordance with the articles of agreement. A move to Otisville followed, Harris and his backers and seconds taking a carriage and driving across the country to Middletown, to which place we also returned. While there a telegram arrived from Jack Leonard, requesting Harris to return, make a fresh match for $1000 a side, and fight that afternoon, as Martin had arrived and wanted a fight. It appears the latter had pitched a ring for himself three miles from Port Jervis, and in the company of his trainer, Tom Schaffers, was awaiting the arrival of his opponent, who was in blessed ignorance of his whereabouts. Following the advice of his friends, Dooney declined to return, but offered to make a fresh match after the first one was decided. Returning homeward by the 3.30 P. M. train, the same system of robbery was pursued at the different stations. The sheriff of Jersey City was telegraphed, and a large force of police was collected at the Pavonia Ferry station to arrest the suspected parties. Getting wind of the reception awaiting them, the principal offenders got off the train, some at Paterson, others at Boiling Springs, and others again as the train slackened speed at Burgen Hill Tunnel. On arriving at the station, thirty-two parties were arrested on suspicion, but on being brought before Recorder Martindale on Saturday morning for identification, all were discharged except five who had no one to vouch for them. As is almost always the case, the guilty parties escaped scot free, and those arrested were in almost every case, respectable and reputable citizens; we therefore omit publishing their names.

Both parties met on Saturday morning, and both claimed the stakes on the same ground; viz, that the other party was not in the ring at the time and place agreed upon. A meeting of the principals and their backers, together with the Commissary, Sam Davis, has been appointed, when the evidence will be heard on both sides, and the decision in the matter will be given.

GRATITUDE is a commendable virtue, and Wm. Feldon of Philadelphia possesses that same, and wishes us for him to return thanks thus publicly to J. S. Williams, and J. and J. Hamill for their kindness to him during his sojourn in the Smoky City, which he will strive to reciprocate whenever they visit the City of Brotherly Love.

BERRY, THE KID, whose prize fight with McManus brought him into favorable notice, will give a sparring exhibition at Stuyvesant Institute, Broadway, on Thursday evening, Nov. 3d. Billy McManus, his late opponent, will set-to with Berry, and wind up the proceedings. Give the little 'un a bumper.

BALL PLAY.

THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

THE NEXT CONVENTION.

The next meeting of the National Association of Base Ball Players will be one of the most important yet had, and it is to be hoped that every regularly organized ball club in the country will have its representative there. In order to facilitate matters in this respect, we give below the rules requisite to be observed in order to become a member of the association. They are as follows:

Sec. 2. Any base ball club desiring to be represented in this association, shall present to the recording secretary, at least thirty days previous to the annual meeting of this association, a written application, signed by its president and secretary, setting forth the name of the club, date of its organization, days and places of playing, names of its officers and delegates, and the number of members composing it, which shall be immediately submitted to the committee on nominations; but no such application shall be received by said secretary unless presented thirty days previous to the annual meeting. Said committee shall thereupon ascertain the condition, character and standing of such club, and report the same to the annual meeting, with the said application, and their opinion thereon; and a ballot shall thereupon be had at such meeting upon the admission of such club, when, if two-thirds of the members present vote in favor thereof, such club shall be declared duly entitled to representation in this association. Any informality or irregularity in the form or substance of the application may be waived by a two-thirds vote of the members present at the annual meeting.

It is not only desirable, but really requisite for the best interests of our national game that every regularly organized base ball club in the States should have its name enrolled in the books of the association as a member. The association will, at its next convention, pass a unanimous vote excluding members of the N. A. B. B. P. from playing matches with any American ball club not having its name recorded on the books of the National Association. This is to be done for the purpose of making every regular club amenable to the rules of the convention, and to put a stop to the custom outside clubs have adopted of playing members of other clubs in their matches. An important revision of the laws of the game is to be made at the next convention, with a view of improving upon the new rules introduced last season, and therefore it is advisable that every club in the country should send its delegates. The question of the fly rule *versus* the bound is also again to be acted upon, and the friends of each style of play should muster in force on the occasion. As the poor players of our clubs are largely in the majority, and as it is those mainly who favor the bound rule, those in favor of the more skilful style of the fly catch will have to exert themselves to secure a majority vote in the convention. Let those clubs, therefore, who do not desire to be deprived of the privilege of playing with the leading clubs of the country, and of that publicity in the papers which is naturally sought for, be prompt in taking measures to be properly represented in the convention, by preparing their vouchers and sending them to the secretary of the National Association—Mr. J. Ross Postley—care of Mr. P. J. Cozans, 122 Nassau street, New York.

THE HEAVY WEIGHT MATCH.

The third game of the series between the "heavies" of New York and Brooklyn, took place on the Union grounds, Brooklyn, Oct. 20th, the Brooklyn side winning. Like the second game, it was more of a scrub match than a regularly arranged trial of skill between *bona fide* heavy weights, as it should have been. The Brooklyn side had but one man in their nine short of the weight, but the New Yorkers had Westervelt of the Empire, Snow of the Active, Gavagan of the Mutual, and Kelly of the Star. The following is the score:

BATTING.

BROOKLYN.	H.L.	R.	NEW YORK.	H.L.	R.
Hamilton	2	4	Bell	3	1
Beard	4	1	Westervelt	4	1
Thwaite	2	4	Graff	2	3
Stover	1	3	Fortner	2	2
Elmendorf	3	1	Simonson	2	3
Brown	2	2	Snow	3	2
Chichester	3	2	Gavagan	3	1
Start	4	2	Reed	4	3
Smith	3	2	Kelly	1	3
Total		23	Total		19

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	
Brooklyn	2	3	3	1	1	1	9	1	—23
New York	1	2	2	3	5	0	0	6	—19

Scorer—Holt. Umpire—Purdy.

WILLIAMS COLLEGE vs. INDEPENDENT.

A match game of base ball was played on Saturday, Oct. 22d, between the Williams College Club and the Independent Base Ball Club, of South Adams, Mass. This is the first match in which the college club has participated. It was played according to the fly rule. We append the score:

BATTING.

"WILLIAMS."	H.L.	R.	INDEPENDENT.	H.L.	R.
O. Day, 3d b	4	6	Morrin, c	4	2
Whitman, p	6	4	Burton, 2d b	3	2
Morris, 2d b	3	7	R. Dean, p	4	1
Meacham, l f	3	7	Estabrook, c f	1	4
Martin, r f	3	7	J. Dean, 1st b	1	4
Jerome, c f	1	8	Bates, r f	3	2
Delano, c	2	8	Ormsbee, 3d b	3	0
Pratt, s s	0	8	Harmon, s s	1	0
Clark, 1st b	2	7	Anthony, l f	4	0
Total		62	Total		15

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	
Williams	14	0	17	9	2	1	3	16	—62
Independent	0	2	4	0	3	1	0	5	—15

Umpire—Mr. Bailey, of Williamstown.
Scorers—Messrs. Duryea and Jenks.
Passed balls—Delano, 2; Morrin, 6.
Home runs—Martin, 1; Delano, 1.
Struck out—Ormsbee, 1.
Fly-catches made—Morris, 1; Meacham, 1; Jerome, 3; Delano, 2; Clark, 2—total, 9. Morrin, 4; Burton, 4; R. Dean, 1; Estabrook, 1; Bates, 1; Harmon, 1—total, 12.
Put out on foul balls—Williams, 5 times; Independents, 7 times.
Put out on bases—Williams 11 times; Independents, 11 times
Left on bases—Day, 2; Pratt, 2; Clark, 1; Whitman, 1; Morris, 1; Jerome, 1; Anthony, 1; Ormsbee, 3; Harmon, 4.
Time of game—Two hours and 48 minutes.

CHAMPION, OF NEW YORK, VS. NEW HAVEN CLUB.

A match game of base ball was played at Hoboken on Oct. 26th, between these clubs, of which the following is the score:—

BATTING.

CHAMPION.	H.L.	R.	NEW HAVEN.	H.L.	R.
Schanck, s	3	4	Randall, 2d b	4	0
Watson, 1st b	3	4	Wallace, l f	3	1
Van Cleff, r f	4	3	Groves, r f	4	0
Reynolds, c	4	3	Curtis, 3d b	3	1
Wood, 2d b	3	4	Daniels, c	3	1
Morrell, c f	3	4	Ford, c f	3	1
Wilson, 3d b	3	3	Nevins, p	2	2
Mortimer, r f	2	4	Harden, 1st b	3	1
Purdy, p	2	5	Bruce, s	2	1
Total		34	Total		8

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Champion	2	3	2	5	5	4	2	5	6	—34
New Haven	3	1	0	2	0	0	2	0	0	— 8

Home runs—Watson, 1; Purdy, 2.
Scorers—Champion, Pierce; New Haven, Price.
Umpire—L. Stewart, of the Atlantic Club.

After the game they adjourned to the Club House of the Champions, where a dinner was prepared for all hands. The return game is to be played at New Haven, on Thanksgiving day.

ENTERPRISE, OF CLIFTON, vs. WASHINGTON, OF STAPLETON, S. I.

The return match between these clubs was played on Saturday, 29th ult., on the grounds at Camp Washington, and after a well contested game of six innings, resulted in favor of the Enterprise, the score standing as follows:—

BATTING.

ENTERPRISE.	H.L.	R.	WASHINGTON.	H.L.	R.
Clark, c	3	4	Bird, c	3	3
Cuthbertson, p	3	5	Batty, p	2	4
Lawrence, 1st b	3	4	Smith, 1st b	2	4
Simonson, 2d b	1	7	Tushingham, 2d b	1	5
Dix, 3d b	1	6	Moore, 3d b	4	2
Bayard, s s	2	5	Folan, s s	2	1
Janin, l f	2	4	Little, l f	3	2
Gilpin, c f	2	5	Noble, c f	0	5
Walker, r f	1	6	Bianchi, r f	1	4
Total		46	Total		30

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	
Enterprise	3	7	8	17	6	5	—46
Washington	2	6	6	4	8	4	—30

Umpire—J. R. Hitchcock, of Quickstep Club.
Scorers—Messrs. W. W. Betts and U. Moranti.

THE MAINE BASE BALL CHAMPIONSHIP.—A base ball match between the Active and Osceola clubs came off at Portland, Me., last week, which the Actives won by a score of 23 to 11. By this victory it is claimed that the Active club has honorably gained the proud distinction of being the champion base ball club of Maine.

BASE BALL PLAYERS vs. CRICKETERS.—Another day's fraternising of base ball players and cricketers is to take place at Hoboken, on Wednesday, Nov. 2nd, on which occasion the Empire 10 are to play 15 of the Manhattan club at base ball, at 9 A. M., and the 11 of Manhattan are to play 18 of the Empires at cricket, at 1 P. M. In fact, the day is to be devoted to ball play and fun, a good dinner at noon being an interesting part of the programme.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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CRICKET.

SINGLE WICKET.

BROOKLYN vs. NEWARK, AND ATLANTIC vs. WILLOW.

An interesting match at single wicket came off at Newark on the 22d of October, between Byron and Hudson, of Brooklyn, on the one side, and Hallis and Bullus, of Newark, on the other, it being merely a trial of skill for suppers for the party. Hallis went in first to the bowling of Byron, and thoughtlessly lost his chance of scoring on the first innings by handling the ball, he being thereby properly given out by the umpire. Bullus then went in and scored four, a trimmer from Byron taking his stumps. In the first innings of the Brooklyn players, Hudson retired for three, being out leg before wicket from a straight one from Hallis, and Byron gave Hallis a chance off his own bowling after he had scored one, the totals at the close of the first innings being 6 to 4 in favor of Brooklyn. In the second innings, however, the play was altogether different, Hallis securing eighteen for his share before he was run out, and Bullus twenty-three, the wides adding fifteen to the score, the total of the innings counting 56, and the grand total sixty. To offset this, Hudson was only permitted to score three before Hallis got in on his wicket, and Byron went out as before, being caught by Hallis off his own bowling, a blank being his share of the play, the Newarkers there by winning by a score of 60 to 11. After the game was over, an excellent supper was prepared, and the whole party closed the day's play in a very jolly style. The following is the score:

NEWARK.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Hallis, handled ball	0	run out	18
Bullus b Byron	4	c and b Hudson	23
Total	4	Total	56

BROOKLYN.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Hudson l b w b Hallis	3	b Hallis	3
Byron c and b Hallis	1	c and b Hallis	0
Wides	2	Wides	2
Total	6	Total	5

Umpires—Higham and Jefferson.

On Tuesday, October 25th, another interesting game at single wicket came off on the Bedford Cricket Grounds, between three members of the Atlantic Base Ball Club, Messrs. Pratt, E. Smith and Giddings, on the one side, and Messrs. Laban, Uris and Hollilly, of the Willow Cricket Club on the other, the base ball players winning by a score of 24 to 8 in one innings against 2. The cricketers went to the bat first, and showed a good defence of their stumps against the swift bowling of Pratt, but they were unable to do much in the hitting way; a total of five runs off the bat was all they obtained, one wide being bowled. The Atlantics then went in, and Pratt found no difficulty in scoring twelve, and Smith batted very well for ten, in which was a fine drive for two, Giddings getting one by a fine hit. These runs, with one wide, left their total at 24, and the cricketers, in their second innings, being easily disposed of for two runs, were, therefore, defeated in one innings. After the game was over, sides were chosen and a lively game of one innings played, Aylmer's side winning by a score of 74 to 64 on the part of Laban's party. E. Russell's 16, O. Hollily's 16, and Oakley's 15 were the only double figures on Laban's side, and Parker's 17, Giddings 14, McCrea's 13, and Hammond's 10 the only similar scores on the other. The following is the score of the single wicket match:—

Pratt c Laban b Uris	12	Wide	1
Smith b Hollily	10		
Giddings b Hollily	1	Total	24

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Laban b Pratt	1	b Pratt	0
Hollily b Pratt	1	b Pratt	0
Uris c and b Pratt	3	Run out	2
Wide	1		
Total	6	Total	2

CRICKET IN CALIFORNIA.—The Pioneer and San Francisco Clubs played a cricket match on the Pioneer Race Track, near San Francisco, on September 26th, which the Pioneers won by a grand total score of 182 against 96. The weather was fine, with little or no dust. Each club had their best eleven on the field, and all played to their utmost ability. The Pioneers, though very much out of practice, won the match by eighty-three runs, though one of their best players (Mr. Terry) was disabled in the commencement of the game.

OUR DRAMATIC PORTRAIT GALLERY.

FANNY HERRING.

THIS popular actress, on the East side of the town, was born in London, England, and is the daughter of Mrs. F. Herring, well known to the *habitues* of the Old Bowery, under Gates' management. As a lengthy biography of the lady appeared in our columns some months since, a repetition is unnecessary just now. Suffice it to say that Miss Herring is the architect of her own fame, possessing few advantages but those which she has derived from study on the boards, and those which nature has bestowed upon her in a voice clear and resonant, a good taste, and a rapid conception of her author. She is ardently attached to her profession (like most of those who have attained to eminence in the art) as an actress of all work, sustaining whatever characters were assigned her by managers, no matter what they might be. Miss Herring is a child of genius, inheriting all her mother's impulsiveness of character; and that strange love for the stage which has run through the Russell and Farren families for generations, throws around her impersonations of character an air of truthfulness that is really refreshing. She is an educated actress, and one of the greatest favorites that has appeared in the Bowery for many years. She has lately added to her extensive *repertoire* the great tragic drama entitled "Lysiah, the Abandoned," an excellent adaptation of a German drama, another version of which was played in this city by Miss Bateman, as "Leah, the Forsaken." As Lysiah, Miss Herring plays with remarkable power and effect, and gives unbounded proof of her great versatility of talent. In this last new impersonation, Miss Herring has succeeded in attracting large and enthusiastic audiences for three consecutive weeks. It is probable that she will visit some of the principal cities, on a starring tour, ere long.

QUOITING.

QUOITING MATCH AT BLOOMFIELD, N. J.—A match at quoits, for $50, between the famous old veteran pitcher, Sammy Southard of New York and Jerry Roberts of Bloomfield, 51 points up, 7 yards distance, came off on Friday, Oct. 28th, at Mr. Sam Grimshaw's ground, Bloomfield, N. J. At the commencement of the game, Roberts took a strong lead, and at one period his score stood 24 to Southard's 4, and the betting became two to one in favor of the former. Sammy, however, began to get into his unequalled style of play at short distances; he gradually closed up the gap and gained upon his competitor, until he finally passed and beat him, amid the hearty cheering and applause of the spectators, by nine points, the scores, when game was called, standing—Southard 51, Roberts 42.

QUOIT PITCHING IN NEW YORK.—A very interesting four-handed match was played on Thursday afternoon, October 27th, on the ground of the Normal Quoit Club, corner of Eighth street and Broadway, between Messrs. Clifton and Sharp against Messrs. Yallalee and Crittenden. This was the return match, Mr. Crittenden, on this occasion, being substituted for Mr. R. Dunham—Messrs. Clifton and Sharp being victorious on the first occasion. The game, which was 41 up, was won by Mr. Yallalee and his partner—they scoring 41 to their opponents' 14. The return match between the same parties takes place on Wednesday, the 2d inst.

ROWING MATCH ON THE EAST RIVER—INTERRUPTION OF THE RACE, AND INTIMIDATION OF THE WINNER.—A rowing match between two oarsmen named Riley and Sopers came off on the East River on the 23d Oct. The course was from the foot of Jackson street around Governor's Island, and back to the place of starting. Sopers, who had previously defeated his opponent, rowed along the Brooklyn shore, but when about opposite the Fulton Ferry his boat was swamped. His friends came to his assistance, righted his boat and sent him on his way again. Riley by this time had got about a mile ahead, and he kept his advantage on the return until opposite Wall Street Ferry, on the New York side, when a small boat containing three men, darted from behind a schooner laying at anchor, the men seized hold of his boat, and, it is alleged, took away his sculls, pointing a pistol to his head and threatening to kill him unless he gave up his oars. During this time Sopers had come up, and Riley, after being detained till his competitor had passed him sufficiently far to allow him to win the race, was permitted to proceed with his boat. The judges could not agree on a decision as to who was entitled to the race, but left it to the referee. The latter awarded the race and stakes to Riley, but declared all outside bets off. One of the men was subsequently arrested, and held to bail, but the others have not yet been arrested. A correspondent, signing himself James Williams, after stating the facts of this affair as detailed above, enquires if the referee has power to declare outside betts off. We answer, decidedly not; he exceeded his authority in doing so. He very properly awarded the race to Riley, and the bets should and must go with that decision. Otherwise it would afford a precedent for parties betting on a losing man in a race, to interfere in a similar manner, to save their outside investments. The backers of Sopers must pay their bets.

THE TWO FAMOUS SCULLERS, Chambers, of England, and Green, of Australia, whose match a year or so ago caused so much excitement, are about being matched again. Chambers has staked his first deposit of £10, and Green has been sent for from Australia by his representative in England.

A BOAT CHALLENGE.—To the Editor of the New York CLIPPER: I, John Soper, do hereby challenge James Riley to row him a match for $500 or $1000, and row him any place he wishes. Man and money ready at George Nethercott's, No 33 Jackson street, New York. If he wishes to row and not blow he will come up, or shut up. Yours respectfully, GEORGE SOPER.

FIVE MILE BOAT RACE.—The race between W. Hayes and John Biglin, for $500 a side, takes place on Wednesday, Nov. 2d, off Nautilus Hall, Staten Island, between the hours of 2 and 4 P. M. All the money has been placed in our hands.

ANOTHER STATE BILLIARD TOURNAMENT.—State Billiard Tournaments are becoming quite popular. Connecticut took the initiative, Pennsylvania followed suit, and now "Maryland, my Maryland," by way of giving additional proofs that she still is part and parcel of the Union, is getting up one, and from what we can learn it is likely to be quite as successful as its two precursors. It is to take place in Baltimore, and valuable prizes are to be put up for competition, besides the gold mounted champion cue, which will of course be *the* coveted trophy. There are some good players in Baltimore, and we confidently look for a series of well contested billiard bouts.

A BILLIARD MATCH IN BALTIMORE.—A billiard match of considerable local importance took place in Baltimore on the evening of Thursday, October 27th, at the Franklin Hall Saloon, between Messrs. Kirtley and Hall. The game was 1000 points up, Kirtley giving his opponent 100 points. After some pretty play by both parties, the giver of odds won by 33 points. The largest runs of Kirtley were 56, 50, 45, 35, 27 and 26, those of Hall being 38, 37, 36, 35, 26 and 25. They were to play another match on the 29th ult.

WANTS TO RUN.—Geo. Rodgers, of West Cambridge, will run Thomas Smith or Joe Murch of Boston, four hundred and forty yards (440), for from $300 to $500 a side; or he will take fifty yards start of Joe Murch in a mile. A match can be made by calling at F. M. McGUINNESS', 45 Charlestown st., Boston.

WANTS TO WALK 100 hours, without sleep or rest, for any amount up to within $1000 a side, against man or time, Charles Bradley, of Utica. A hint in the CLIPPER will be heeded.

MIDNIGHT MUSIC.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

THE other night—t'was very cold—
I lay me down to doze,
And strove to get a little warmth
In my poor, shiv'ring toes.
I plunged them out and rubbed them well,
Until I really thought
A circulation of the blood
Would very soon be brought;
But, as the blood began to flow
And I was dozing off,
A horrid wretch, next door to mine,
Set up a horrid cough,
And hawked and hemmed until I thought
His jugular was broke,
And wished that some kind friend would give
His head a hearty poke.

He blew his nose—like trumpet loud—
It sounded far and near,
And woke the dog that slept below,
Who quickly raised an ear,
And set up such a dismal howl
It savored of the dead;
And one would think that ghosts were out
And walked with noiseless tread.
Then some one, who'd been sitting up
And trying hard to freeze,
Awoke the echoes of the night
By raising such a sneeze.
It startled from its sleep a child
Who bellowed forth a cry,
And father, mother, sister, strove
The babe to pacify.
The more they talked, the more it howled,
And louder grew its note,
As if it wished by any means
To clear its infant throat.

A lady in the drawing room
Began to play an air
From "Traviata," till I thought
Her finger bones were bare.
She thumped and thumped—I greatly feared
She'd break her little hand,
She strove so hard to make the world
Its beauty understand.
The organ grinder, in the street,
Turned out the "Hymn of Brown,"
I felt like jumping out of bed
To quickly knock him down;
But, worse and worse, a fiddler soon
Scraped off the "Marseillaise,"
And with its notes a child was heard
Her feeble voice to raise;
While in the rear a trumpeter,
Who blew with fiendish glee,
Essayed to play the plaintive air
Of "You'll remember me."
'Twas useless quite to tell me that—
"I never shall forget"—
I made a vow to break his back,
But we have never met.
Then, while the banjo sounded loud,
A noisy crowd went by,
And sung that they would like to go
A "Rooting, hog, or die."
The poets say that music's charms
Will soothe the savage breast,
But blow me if I think they will
Without he's had his rest.

Now silence reigned, while all the while
The wind was borne along,
And whistled 'mong the chimney tops
Its never ceasing song.
Æolian harps are very well,
But when you want to sleep
You think that tunes as sweet as theirs
Are good enough to keep.
In fev'rish mood I tossed about,
With red and glowing cheek,
The staircase on the floor below
Was quickly heard to creak:
A boarder late, no doubt, had come
From viewing city life,
And soon I heard the scolding of
His over anxious wife.

Oh blessed peace! I breathed again—
When boomed the fire bell,
And loving cats upon the fence
Set up a piercing yell.
I popped from bed, I raised the sash,
To quell the sounds without,
And seizing on a pair of boots,
I quickly pitched them out—
Then followed chairs and crockery—
What mattered it to me:
Another cat soon joined the rest
And howled with extacy.
I gave it up—it was no use—
The yard was much too large—
The cats had all resolved to give
A concert without charge.
I sought the bed, and cov'ring up
My head beneath the clothes,
Soon with a nature wearied out
Sank off to sweet repose.

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THE PRIDE OF THE ARENA.

A TALE OF TOWN AND COUNTRY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "BLACK BAND," And other Romances.

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

JOE JOLLIE AT HOME.

"MOTHER! mother, if I have erred, it has been through folly and not through wickedness of heart; receive me to your arms in forgiveness of my fault, in remission of my thoughtlessness. Oh! why was I tempted to bring sorrow on your head?"

Joe Jollie, the repentant wanderer, knelt at the bed-side of his widowed mother, and in sincerity of earnestness implored her blessing, that he might again find favor in the sight of her against whom he had so unintentionally sinned.

"Thomas, Thomas," murmured the aged invalid, as the tone of her voice grew more sonorous and clear, "welcome, welcome again to our hearth-side, and never more desert your loving parent," and the eyes of the old lady beamed with joy, as she once again pressed the hand of her only son.

"Let mother sleep, Thomas," interposed a young woman, whose wearied looks and pale complexion betokened the long and constant vigil she had bestowed upon the invalid; "she will rest happy, now that you have come home."

"Yes, Mr. Templeton," observed a portly gentleman, clothed in professional black, as he wrote down an enigmatic prescription, "your mother has more need of rest than medicine; the sight of you has confused her; your longer presence might, perchance, undo the good produced by your return, so please retire."

"A word from you, Doctor, is a command," said the ex-jester, respectfully, to the venerable family physician; "to Clara's care, wearied as she is with filial devotion, I commit my mother."

"Clara," remarked the doctor, as Thomas Templeton left the sick chamber, "there must have been some secret cause for Thomas' continued absence, for he is too honorable a youth, too devoted a son, to have wantonly inflicted pain upon either you or your worthy mother. He has, indeed, a true heart."

Clara Templeton thanked the doctor with a grateful expression of her speaking eyes, but she spoke not; her soul was too well filled with thanksgiving for the return of one whom the deserted family had mourned as forever lost.

When Mr. Templeton reached his own chamber—a neatly furnished and commodious apartment in the house of his widowed mother—although wearied by his rapid journey, and vexed at heart at witnessing the unexpected condition of his surviving parent whom, on departure, he had left in the vigor of health, he made no preparations for retiring for the night. On the contrary, he paced the chamber for many hours, treading lightly and stealthily, through fear of disturbing the invalid's slumber, while he mentally reviewed the scenes through which he had passed during his recently assumed occupation. In only one particular he reproached himself, and that was the manner of his departure. "I should have told them I was going," he soliloquised to himself; "that would have allayed their anxieties; but no, it is better as it is. I could not have braved my mother's entreaties, and where, then, would Edith have been? Perhaps I should have written, but I could not find in my heart to deceive those whom I so dearly love. Had I given a clue to the scene of my wanderings, they might have gleaned the truth, and upbraided me with the fancied degradation of my calling."

As the thread of Templeton's meditations prolonged, his thoughts naturally reverted to the singular circumstances connected with his residence at Dr. Whitefield's, and particularly to the unaccountable phenomena of the crystal mirror. "How wonderful!" he murmured to himself, "that picture of a distant spectacle, and everything traced in accuracy of detail, just as I found the scene at home. How providential that I obeyed the impulse of my fears that magic generated. Pity, though, I broke the power of the charm and forfeited a glimpse at the future. Perchance, anxiety is preferable to knowledge of that which is pre-ordained, for in what consists mortal happiness but in delusions of hope, which render the present endurable in anticipation of a still more glorious future? Such is providential wisdom." And in this wise the returned wanderer ruminated until exhausted nature compelled an involuntary slumber.

Bright and genial were the visions of the sleeper, and when, on the morrow, Mr. Templeton aroused from his couch in the old house at home, he gazed upon each familiar article of furniture, each ornament and decoration, even to his singing bird, hanging on its accustomed place, chirping and carolling its wood-notes wild, his spirit seemed free from all previous taint of melancholy, for he breathed the air of home. "Joe Jollie no more!" he exclaimed, as his thoughts wandered back to recent events. "Othello's occupation's gone," but then again he sighed, for he had dreamed of Edith and Bucephalus, of Long Jack Bird, and the venerable Dr. Whitefield, and found pleasure in their visionary company in the realm of dream land.

Mr. Templeton was destined to a still more agreeable surprise when his sister informed him that his aged mother had experienced a wonderous change in the symptoms of her disease, so remarkable, in truth, that the attending physician gave hopes of a very speedy recovery, whereas before he had conceived her dissolution a matter of speedy certainty.

"How happy, Thomas, I am, that you are home," said the lovely Clara, as she repeatedly embraced her brother, "mother and I [illegible] been so troubled about you. They told such very bad tales [illegible]"

"[illegible] did, Clara, dear?" enquired the ex-clown, in vexation [illegible] astonishment. "Pray, tell me, who condescended to say [illegible]?"

"[illegible] letters from time to time and place to place," replied [illegible]dy, "that you were travelling as a circus clown."

"[illegible] if that were true, Clara?" retorted Mr. Templeton, [illegible]ching the impression created on her by the query.

"A circus clown!" ejaculated the sister, "it nearly broke my mother's heart that you should adopt so ignominious an occupation."

A blush involuntarily mounted to the cheeks of the ex-jester.

"Why, Clara," quoth Templeton, with difficulty repressing his indignation, "has fashionable contagion bestowed on you the power of defamation? A circus clown may follow a humble occupation, but ignominious, never! Motley may cover as brave, as honest, as conscientious a heart, as is hidden beneath the robe of a bishop, the uniform of a general. The trade makes not the moral man, and it is the good fortune of many of the immoral sort to be judged by the accredited repute of their trades they disgrace. There are clowns in the pulpit who would dishonor the circus ring. And did you believe all this?"

"Not at first, Thomas," replied the young lady, "not until mother saw Mr. Meadows, the banker, who came about our money business."

"What said that pious individual?" enquired the ex-clown, with a sneer.

"He told us even worse news," responded Clara, unable to repress her tears, "that you had stolen away a woman who claimed to be his son's wife, a circus rider, and that drove poor mother distracted to her bed."

Mr. Templeton bit his lips, for he was at a loss to conceive, at the moment, any just reason for the banker's malignity, especially as Mr. Meadows had been his guardian and trustee.

"Did he tell you, Clara," resumed Mr. Templeton, as his anger subsided, "what became of that bereaved husband—his son?"

"Nothing much, Thomas," replied the sister, sadly; "only to save him from that wicked woman, he sent him away from the country."

"It's a wonder he didn't put him in the circus ring before he went," remarked the ex-clown, smiling sarcastically.

Clara Templeton almost turned pale as she noticed the supercilious manner in which her brother received intelligence of his manifold transgressions, all of which she hoped he would have denied.

"And tell me, sister," quoth the ex-jester, after a few moments of meditation, "has Mr. Meadows rendered regular accounts of all the rents and profits of my father's estate; how about that?"

"Ever since you have been gone, dear Thomas," answered the young lady, with a sigh, "he paid us each month less and less, until the other day, since he's sick at home, he told me that we need call no more; that father owed him heaps of money at his death; that while he was rich he had paid monies to our mother for the sake of charity and old acquaintance sake, and now even that must cease, for he himself was poor, robbed of all he was worth."

"Did he remember who had robbed him?" enquired Mr. Templeton, with a carelessness designed to cover his amazement at this sudden announcement of financial loss.

"He told me that some villain of a carpenter," responded the lady, moved almost to tears, "whom he had employed to make some secret vault, had abused his trust, and stolen, I do not know how many bonds and papers, being all that he was worth."

"Then Mr. Meadows told you that we have lost every thing?"

"Yes; that by this misfortune, he and we are ruined," quoth the young Clara, bursting into a flood of tears, "that henceforth, it was you who was to support us, or we would be beggars."

"Beggars, never!" ejaculated the ex-jester, vehemently.

"Let us hope, dear Thomas, for the best," continued the weeping maiden, "I have not told this to poor mother; it would drive her to the grave. I fear me we will fare very ill, Thomas, but we must both of us work; I know not at what, but work we must for the sake of poor, dear mother. Neither of us have trades—"

"Clara," interrupted the young man, speaking calmly and determinedly, "you are neither a beggar nor forced to work, despite the avarice or inclinations of that infernal scoundrel. No! no! Clara, if it comes to the worst, thank heaven, I have a trade!"

"A trade!" ejaculated the young lady, in astonishment.

"Yes, Clara, a trade," resumed Mr. Templeton, proudly, "an ignominious occupation; Clara, I am a circus clown!"

"You, dearest Thomas?" said his sister, with a look of amazement.

"Yes, Clara! a circus clown!" continued the young man, without appearing to notice the lady's agitation, "an honest calling, to say the least of it. This morning, sister dear, I renounced the business in compliment to your prejudices. I buried Joe Jollie with the beings of the past, but now again I resume my ancient calling and with a spirit of thanksgiving. Think you, Clara, which is the more honorable, to earn your daily bread with the product of your brain, by the sweat of your brow, than to live upon the plunder of widows and orphans, wringing the last cent from a dying man, and casting his children hungry and naked into the street? Which, think you, the most worthy of honor, of dignity, of admiration?"

When Mr. Templeton visited the banker, he found him disinclined to afford any information as to his mother's affairs. All he could glean from that virtuous man was that his father had been unfortunate in speculations, had borrowed large sums, and finally transferred to his creditor all his real estate.

"Sir," said Mr. Templeton, after listening tranquilly to the banker's story, "this is a very romantic tale, worthy of a novelist, and founded upon pure imagination. I regret to say, it is false."

"False!" ejaculated Mr. Meadows, with a show of indignation. "Here are the title deeds, the notes, the bonds, the signatures of your father; do you think, sir, that you can controvert them?"

"Now, sir," continued Mr. Templeton, calmly, "not content with the robbery of a widow and orphans, you have descended to calumny. You have attempted to poison the heart of a mother against her son; you have sowed the seeds of discontent amid a family circle, whose worldly wealth you have plundered, thus adding injury to wrong, while abusing the most sacred trust committed to man."

"You will repent that language," quoth the banker, violently.

"No, sir," retorted the young man proudly, "I have no fear from your injustice or from your malignity; especially, I despise a man who, to shield the iniquities of his own son, would blacken the character of an humble artisan, whose fair fame constitutes his only wealth, his capital and means of living."

"Begone!" shouted the banker, wildly, as he pointed to the door.

"One word more, Mr. Meadows," said the young man, with deliberation, "you have defied me, and insulted for miserable gain the majesty of Divine justice. Now, sir, I cease to be a christian and a man—from this day forth regard me as your enemy, not a mere foe, but one animated by a holy hatred; yes, sir, holy, for it must please the Divinity to unmask a hypocrite, a scoundrel, a robber, and shall I breathe the culminating word? a forger!"

"Forger!" ejaculated Mr. Meadows, as the sting of conscience smote him.

Mr. Templeton tarried not to witness the effect of his denunciation, but as he emerged from the banker's mansion he muttered: "The hypocrite shall feel the vengeance of a circus clown!"

On the evening of Edith's liberation from the mansion of Dr. O'Flagherty, Mr. Bob Ridley encountered more than his ordinary share of ill-luck. Apart from the vigorous demonstration, inflicted by the carpenter's boot heel, which added a prominent bump to the counsellor's phrenological protuberances, and the loss of a considerable portion of his nether clothing wrenched from his rear by the teeth of one of the doctor's canine guardians, Mr. Ridley endured the infliction of a second drubbing from the infuriated O'Flagherty, who imagined him to have been a leading cause for the mansion's invasion. Neither did his sorrows cease at this point, for, in attempting to avoid the threatening canine, Bob was compelled to undergo a fiery ordeal, which succeeded in removing a greater portion of the bushy hair which had heretofore graced his distinguished head, leaving in its stead an excruciating pain.

Bruised, aching and semi-garmentless, Bob progressed towards his office home, taking sundry heavy potations by way of consolation. Arrived at his destination, judge of his astonishment to find his door standing open. More distressing was his consternation when, upon striking a light, he discovered his papers tossed about, his books in disorder and his few articles of furniture ruthlessly devastated.

"Here's a mess!" philosophized Mr. Ridley as he contemplated the condition of affairs. "Who'd believe it? Rob my office!"

The learned counsellor chuckled at the idea of perpetrating a fraud upon a burglar, when it suddenly occurred to him that the valuable papers, purloined from Mr. Meadows, might have been the object of this unexpected visitation.

"D——n my eyes!" soliloquized Bob, as he carefully searched his *sanctum sanctorum*, in which he had concealed the papers. "They cleared me out—every scrap gone—not a document left!"

"How is my friend, Bob?" broke upon the disconsolate counsellor's meditation, as in sorrow, rather than in anger, that gentleman, like Caius Marius, ruminated on the changes of destiny amid the ruins of his domestic Carthage.

"Who the h—ll are you?" interposed Bob, angrily.

"Is that your manner of greeting an old acquaintance?" responded the voice, "besides, I've come many miles to see you, Bob, and have brought a friend to recognize your merits."

Mr. Bob Ridley, who had by this time reconciled himself to the loss of the foundation of his anticipated fortune, and witnessed the disappointment of his aerial castles with commendable philosophy, returned to his outer office and there beheld no less distinguished personages than Long Jack Bird and his quondam preceptor, the hermit of the cliff.

"I thought you were dead and damned!" ejaculated Bob, as he recognized the features of the speaker. "What brings you here when you aint wanted? I don't want to see you."

"You're very ungrateful, Mr. Ridley," observed the hermit, with a smile, "not to be delighted to see an old friend, especially when you are on the point of inheriting the estate of—"

"Damnation!" ejaculated the counsellor, "begone from here!"

"Not at all," resumed the stranger; "we've dropt in to return the call you and some friends made upon our country home. By-the-way," he added, pointing to the farmer who had been scrutinizing the counsellor's countenance with marked anxiety, "you have seen my friend before, haven't you, Bob?"

"Oh! yes; he has," interposed Mr. Jack Bird, "and I have come to return him some of the property he left behind him."

As the farmer spoke, he laid upon the table the bundle of cords with which he had been bound on the morning when Edith had been forcibly abducted from her temporary home in the country.

"That's nothing of mine," retorted Bob, who, however, manifested considerable surprise at the production of these proofs of his participation in an act of crime, "you are mistaken in the person!"

"Mistaken!" quoth the hermit, and he laughed heartily; "impossible to mistake that intellectual head, that classic nose, that portly frame! Why, Bob, nobody can mistake such a combination of manly beauties, even if only seen but once, and then under disadvantageous circumstances, on an early morning."

"Have it as you will," said the counsellor with an appearance of indifference, "what else has this to do with me?"

"Why, Bob," observed the hermit, "you know I told you, when we were fellow-clerks, that you would make a noise in the world. I knew you would, from your peculiar legal talents; you had such a way of doing things, especially deeds and conveyances. The law is your glory, Bob, and the fact is that at this present moment you are on the point of attaining popular distinction for your uncommon legal ingenuity."

"What, in the name of damnation, are you driving at?" quoth the counsellor, decidedly losing control over his temper.

"Simply, Mr. Ridley," responded the stranger, with a sarcastic smile, "that the State requires your services, for some years at least."

The hermit indulged in a whistle, clear and of peculiar shrillness, which had the effect of calling into the office a gentleman in a very dark blue coat with very light brass buttons, who astounded the irate counsellor by placing his hand on his collar.

"What am I arrested for?" inquired Bob Ridley, testily.

"For a few slight peccadilloes, unfortunately against the law," replied the stranger, with due suavity. "Burglary, forgery, abduction, conspiracy, and, I regret to say for your moral character, an attempt at rape!"

"Put in fire and murder," remarked the counsellor, with commendable coolness, "and you'll exhaust the catalogue."

Mr. Bob Ridley endeavored to put a cheerful face on the matter, and might have succeeded, did not the memory of his previous experience in prison life suddenly cast a damper upon his assumed hilarity. The counsellor thereupon rubbed those of his prematurely white locks which had escaped the ravage of the flames, and, arraying himself in his best suit of clothes, took a long draught out of a pot-bellied bottle, redolent with pure Schiedam.

"I might as well do the thing decently," quoth Bob, making a mental calculation as to the probabilities of the term of service to be exacted from him, "for they are sure to ruin me."

The party issued from the office, and Bob carefully locked the door, upon which he tacked a card, bearing an inscription in very legible characters—"Gone to prison; back in five years."

"My name's Dennis," soliloquized the counsellor, as he found himself fastened up in a cell, "the handwriting on the wall," and to console himself he executed a slight song, well known to the profession of "high topers," as the composition of a "hempen bard:"

"As I vas Valkin vid my Blowen."

"Damn 'em!" muttered Bob to himself, unable to keep his spirits up to the pitch requisite to the continuance of his vocalism: "but I don't mind; I'll ring in old Meadows and his hopeful son. Who'd a thought that fellow, Stockton, whom I thought dead and buried, would have turned up at this nick of time?"

"Bob," interrupted a voice from the cell on the opposite side of the corridor, "Bob, is that you, and what are you doing here?"

"That's a lively question to ask, Ned Meadows," retorted the counsellor; "just as if you don't know anything, bless your ignorance."

"Will it go hard with us?" inquired Meadows nervously.

"Not very, my dear fellow," replied Bob; "about ten years or so."

"Ten years!" ejaculated the young man; "it's a lifetime in prison."

"So it is, Ned Meadows," said the counsellor, vindictively, "and you can escape it not a single month. You've got to the end of your rope, Ned, and time's called. Let me tell you, I've sworn that you shall lay in the stone jug, and you never shall get out of it. Your father wronged me years ago, and I vowed that I would take vengeance on his son. I nursed you along for my own purposes; they are played out, and up you go."

"Is there no hope?" quoth the young man imploringly.

"Not one d——d bit!" returned the counsellor with pleasant satisfaction to himself, for he chuckled aloud, "they'll convict you certain, and if it can't be done any other way, Ned, I'll turn State's evidence. You're bound to go, Ned, mark my words."

And having delivered these prophetic words, the counsellor disposed himself to rest as best he could upon the narrow wooden shelf, which served as bench by day and bed at night. Happily for his case, both he and Meadows had been confined in separate cells without fellow-lodgers, so Bob stretched himself out at full length, and after the interval of a few minutes went off into a sound sleep.

Not so was the case of his fellow captive, for Ned Meadows, despite his desperate career, had retained a sensitiveness derived partly through circumstances, partly through education. Although he cared little for public opinion, he dreaded criminal trial, and most of all, he feared the awful degradation of a long penal servitude. His life had been heretofore a curse to him, at that moment it was a complete burden, for all hope had died within him. Then, for the first time in many years, Ned Meadows knelt within that narrow cell and prayed both long and fervently. He prayed for forgiveness of his many transgressions, and arose up a refreshed and determined man. Taking from his pocket a small vial, containing a most deadly poison, he placed it to his lips and eagerly swallowed its contents. On the morrow, when the door-man came to bring forth the prisoner, he found naught save a cold corpse of one who had been dead many hours.

When Bill Bell, unconscious of the tragic end of his prisoner, made his appearance before the magistrate, he came not alone, for, as he was a man of business habits, he conceived that it would be as well to kill two birds with one stone; besides, after the dangers of the previous night, he conceived that it would be a wise precaution to enter into matrimonial bonds without delay, lest the destined Mrs. Bell might be left a premature widow.

"Come along, Kate, don't be bashful," and with a commingled feeling of pride and revenge, Mr. Bell ushered his bride into the presence of the identical magistrate who had before adjudicated upon her case. "I say, Judge, we've come to be married, so be lively about it, and make the thing as strong as you can."

Despite Mr. Templeton's protestations, the honest carpenter had insisted upon a civil marriage, and in order to show Kate that he remembered the incident of their first meeting, as well as to mortify the personal feelings of Kite, the policeman, he designedly caused the ceremony to be performed in the presence of those functionaries who had paid so little respect to innocence and poverty.

The austere magistrate duly performed the ceremony, and gracefully pocketed a golden fee, slyly slipped into his hand by the attending groomsman, but Mr. Policeman Kite had the indiscretion to insinuate the propriety of all hands saluting the bride; a proposition he immediately retracted upon being enquired of by the indignant Mr. Bell as to whether he would like another golanger aside of his head.

Just as they were emerging from the police office, a hand-cuffed prisoner was brought up to the bar. As Kate caught sight of his face, she uttered a scream, and clung to her husband in affright. It was her persecutor, Ridley.

"What's the matter, Kate?" enquired Bill. "Don't be scared."

"Nothing," and as she turned around, to her astonishment she was accosted by a venerable gentleman, who greeted her warmly.

"I sincerely wish you joy, Kate," said the gentleman, who was none other than Dr. Whitefield, "and as for you, young man, who have acted so nobly in the rescue of one I had given up as lost, receive a dowry which I had long destined for her settlement."

"I don't want anything but Kate," responded the carpenter, with an air of offended dignity, "besides, I've got money in the bank!"

"Keep it there," retorted the Doctor, "it will help pay your taxes. I have merely settled upon you a house and lot."

Kate threw herself upon her knees and blessed her adopted father.

"Now, Kate, nerve yourself, for your wedding day carries with it an instructive lesson," said Dr. Whitefield, as he took her arm and led the way to an adjoining apartment. "Look upon that face," he continued, as he uncovered the face of a corpse.

It was that of Edward Meadows, upon which an inquest had been held.

Kate Eastman knelt by the side of the remains of her betrayer, and felt of his cold hand. Then she bathed his forehead with her tears, and implanted a kiss upon his icy cheeks.

"Forgive me, Bill," she said, with faltering voice, "he wronged me most deeply, but I forgave him. He is dead now, but I loved him once, unworthy as he was; now, neither love nor hate can reach him in the realm where he has gone!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

C. C. BARNES, Canajoharie.—Give it to him; but be sure he won't commit suicide till he's compelled to. Pin him to a *forced mose*, and he'll own up. See *erratum* below.

LOUIS GOLDSMID.—We sincerely regret the typographical error in your last pretty problem.

E. H. C., Washington.—The "Book of the World's Congress" was edited by Loewenthal; its price here we do not know. We have another of your problems on file, but don't wait for that before replenishing.

THEO. M. BROWN, St. Louis.—Hear ye—hear ye! Come into court and listen to what "this feller" "C. C. B." says 'bout ye. "As for T. M. B., he need expect no mercy at my hands when I get a good hold on him—why? Because I have reason to believe him one of the moving spirits of that 'Problem Critic' who so often informs 'John Doe' that his 'No. 1 is faulty; No. 2 has two solutions; No. 3 is too simple,' etc., etc.!! Drat him! say I, he's entitled to no mercy. So tell him to try the following upon No. 440, and he will find I am right.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..P to Kt 8(Kt) +	B × Kt	4..B × R	B to R 8 *best*
2..R × B dis +	K-Q 4	5..R-K 2, and now, for Black, instead of 5..B to Kt 7th, I play	
3..B-B 7	R × R +		

5..Q to K sq; then, according to T. M. B., 6..Q to B 4 +, compelling 6..K × Q dis +, 7..*R to K Kt 2d, must*, and unless Black is polite enough to play 7..B takes R, mate, when *does* self-mate follow? *Verstchen sie?*" There, digest that, will yer?

A LIVELY OPENING.—The most active members of the Philadelphia Chess Club are holding an interesting handicap Tournament, by way of inaugurating the Chess season of 1864–5 among them. They divided into four classes, the first giving P and move, P and 2, and Kt, respectively to those below them; the other classes graduating to the same scale. Fifteen entered the lists, and the play is progressing with much spirit and interest.

ERRATUM.—The white P at K B 7th, in Problem No. 450 *should be Black*.

Enigma No. 452.

A Nut for T. M. B. "or any other man" who can, to crack.

BY COUNT ARNOLD PONGRACY.

♔ ♕ ♖ ♖ ♗ ♗ ♘ ♘

at K R 4, K Kt 7, Q Kt 4, Q Kt 6, Q R 8, Q B 3, K B 2, K Kt 3d, and White Pawns at Q R 3 & 5, K 3, and K R 5th.

♚ ♞ ♞ ♟ ♟

at Q B 4, Q 7, K 3, Q 5, K R 3d.

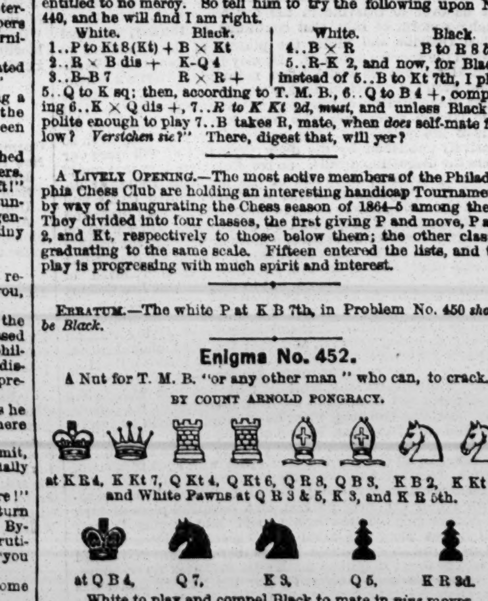
White to play and compel Black to mate in *nine* moves.

Problem No. 452.

With farewell greetings to the "Bachelor Club."

BY THEO. M. BROWN.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and give mate in three moves.

Game No. 452.

A stubborn but interesting battle between our contributors, Jas. C. Warner and Jacob Elson, during the latter's visit to Philadelphia last summer.

KING'S KT'S GAMBIT.

Attack, Mr. Warner.	Defence, Mr. Elson.	Attack, Mr. Warner.	Defence, Mr. Elson.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	24..Q Kt to B sq	Q R to K 3
2..P-K B 4	K P × P	25..P-Q 5 best	Q × B P +
3..K Kt-B 3	P-Q 4	26..Q-K Kt 2	Q × Q +
4..K P × P	K B-Q 3	27..Q R × Q	Q R-K 6
5..P-Q 4	Q B-Kt 5 (a)	28..Q R-K 2	Q R × R
6..K B-Kt 5 +	P-Q B 3	29..Q Kt × R	Q Kt-K 4
7..Q 2d P × P	Kt P × P (b)	30..P-Q B 5 (g)	Kt-K 5
8..K B-Q 3	K Kt-B 3	31..Q B × Kt	K B × B
9..Castles	Castles	32..P-Q Kt 4	P-K B 6
10..P-Q B 4	K R-K sq	33..Kt-Kt 3 (h)	Kt × Kt +
11..Q Kt-B 3	P-K R 3	34..B P × Kt	K B × P
12..Q B-Q 2	K B-B 2	35..P-Q 6 (i)	P-K B 7
13..Q Kt-K 2	P-K Kt 4	36..K-Kt 2	K-his B sq
14..Q B-his 3 good	K R-K 6	37..P-Q R 4	P-K R 4
15..Q-her B 2	Q B × Kt	38..P-Q R 5	P-K R 5
16..K R × B	K R × R	39..P-Q R 6	P-R 6 +
17..Kt P × R	Q Kt-Q 2	40..K-his B sq	K B-K 4
18..Q-R 4 (c)	Q Kt-home (d)	41..B-Q 5 (k)	P-K Kt 5
19..K-his R sq	Q-her 3	42..P-Q Kt 5	B-Q 5
20..R-K Kt sq	Q-K 3 (e)	43..P-Q B 6	K-home
21..Q-her B 2	Q-K B 6	44..P-Q B 7 (l)	K-Q 2
22..K B-K 4	Q Kt-Q 2 (f)	45..B-B 6 +, and Mr. Elson resigned.	
23..B × B P	Q R-K sq		

Notes, condensed from our contributor's.

(a) Much better is 5..P to K Kt 4th.

(b) The Defence has already sown the seeds of future disaster in his game.—[ED.

(c) This secures the Attack an advantage in position.

(d) Irksome but prudent. There are several moves by which he might lose; and if P to Q B 4th, the Attack replies 19..P to Q 5th, and has a fine game.

(e) Mr. Elson now skilfully commences, and for some time maintains, a brisk assault upon the enemy.

(f) The initial of a fine combination; the P is only lost for a time.

(g) The beginning of that line of play which results in victory.

(h) Much better than Kt to B sq.; for on Kt to B 7 +, K to Kt sq, then Kt to R 6 +; when, to avoid a draw, Attack must go to B sq, and the Defence takes P with B, and has a good game.

(i) And has, certainly, a winning game.

(k) To retreat the B is the only mode of winning. If P to Kt 5, B to Q 5; 42..P to Kt 6, B × P, and the game would be drawn.

(l) Had he played the tempting and seemingly good move, B × P +, the Defence would win by simply taking B, and then advancing Kt's P.

THE CHEVALIER DE ST. BOHN.—We congratulate our Philadelphia Chess brethren on the arrival of this distinguished Italian player among them. We learn from the *Bulletin* that he came in command of an Italian frigate. Ere this many interesting contests have been had, doubtless, with this the first great representative of the Italian school that ever visited our shores. We presume the other great maritime cities will be honored with his presence.

CHEQUERS.

To Draught Players.

THE ELEMENTS OF DRAUGHTS; OR, BEGINNERS' SURE GUIDE. By the Draught Editor of the CLIPPER. This book has been pronounced by the Editor of Bell's Life to be "THE BEST ELEMENTARY TREATISE EVER WRITTEN ON THE GAME." Printed on fine paper, gilt binding, illustrated with diagrams, and enriched by numerous games from the best masters. Anderson's system of recording, together with Patterson's system complete. Advanced players will find this treatise well worthy their notice. Sent, post paid, to any address in the United States, for 50 cents. Address I. D. J. SWEET, CLIPPER OFFICE, 18-tf No. 22 Spruce street, New York.

Metropolitan Draught Club.

THE Club meets every night in the week for play, at their rooms in the Mercantile Hotel, 168 Duane street, near Hudson. Strangers and friends of the game are heartily welcome.

To Correspondents.

J. MCGREGOR, Winooski Falls, Vt.—Received and all O. K.

EDMUND, Jersey City.—By your numbering the board wrong, led to the mistake. Always send positions on diagram. The position is a good one, and will appear.

G. W. FOSTER, Warren, Pa.—We think we have waited long enough for your solution of the position you challenged "Express" to play for a draw. The money has been in our hands for the last seven weeks, and you stated the solution would be forthcoming the following week, but as no solution has yet been received, and if we do not hear from you by the next issue, we shall feel it our duty to hand over the funds ($20) to "Express."

EXPRESS, New York.—Read as above. Its time, as you say, for the solution to be at hand.

THE "HERD LADDIE" IN PERTH, SCOTLAND.—The Perth draught players have just been delightfully entertained by a visit from Mr. Wylie, the champion draught player of the world. He remained three days here, and afforded an opportunity to every one skilled in that game of testing their prowess against him. The most skilful of the Perth players, as well as the amateurs among us, did not fail to meet the opportunity afforded them. Mr. Wylie had to undergo the ordeal of meeting twenty different antagonists of every variety of play, and the result was, that the two best acknowledged players in Perth obtained—the one, four draws out of twenty, and one game; the other, four draws without a game. The rest may be described as getting one or two draws, or nothing, out of twenty games. Mr. Bertie, of Dundee—considered only a degree less able than the "Herd Laddie"—proved himself by far the most successful opponent that Wylie met. Out of eighteen games he won one and drew eight. One of our civic functionaries (a really good player) had Wylie dining with him, and had a game after dinner, in which, we are sorry to say, our magistrate came off only second best.—*Advertiser*.

[We have received some of the games played by Wylie and Bertie, and shall give one, from time to time, to our players, as space will permit.—ED. CLIP.

Game No. 31--Vol. XII.

THIRTY FIRST GAME of the Championship Match of Great Britain.

Wylie, Black.	Martins, White.	Wylie, Black.	Martins, White.
1..11 to 15	22 to 18	11..6 to 15	23 to 18
2..15 22	26(a) 17	12..16 20	18 11
3..8 11	24 19	13..3 7	27 23
4..9 14	25 22	14..7 16	32 27
5..11 16	30 26	15..1 6	22 18
6..5 9	27(b) 24	16..6 10	29 25
7..9 13	19 15	17..20 24(c)	27 11
8..10 19	24 15	18..10 15	23 16
9..7 10	31 27	19..15 31	25 22
10..10 19	17 10	20..12 19	Wylie won.

(a) The variation. No author treats of this move.
(b) The losing move.
(c) A beautiful move.

Game No. 32.--Vol. XII.

A DOUBLE CORRECTION.

The following Game is endorsed as being correct by the "Buffalo Luminary." We wish to show a couple of ways of play which makes his endorsement worthless.

IRREGULAR.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..11 to 15	22 to 17	15..17 to 21	16 to 11
2..8 11	17 13	16..7 16	24 20
3..4 8	25 22	17..15 24	28 19
4..15 19	24 15	18..10 15	19 10
5..11 25	29 22	19..6 15	20 11
6..9 14	28 24	20..15 19	23 16
7..14 17	21 14	21..12 19	13 9
8..10 17	24 19	22..19 24	26 23
9..8 11	27 24	23..24 27	22 17
10..6 10	24 20	24..1 5	17 10
11..2 6	31 27	25..5 14	10 6
12..5 9(1)	27 24	26..14 17	6 1
13..11 15	32(2) 28	27..17 22	23 18
14..9 14	20 16	28..22 25, drawn.	

(1)

He plays right on, regardless of the following fine win for Black:

12..6 9	13 6	15..31 22	2 11
13..11 15	22 13	16..10 14	23 19
14..15 31	6 2	17..22 13, Black wins.	

(2)

And now, if he had only played in the following style he could have had a won game for White:

13..	23 18	17..10 14	19 10
14..7 11	18 14	18..6 15	26 23
15..9 25	30 7	19..1 6	23 19
16..3 10	32 28	20..6 10	13 9

White wins. (a)

(a) These two corrections were played years ago by Drummond, but the "Luminary" seems to think his play is the best.

Solution of Position No. 26. Vol. XII.

BY H. G., MONTROSE, SCOTLAND.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..26 to 23	16 to 7	8..23 to 18	17 to 21
2..5 9	13 6	9..18 14	21 25
3..1 10	7 14	10..6 10	25 22
4..18 9	17 22	11..10 15	22 26
5..9 13	21 17	12..15 19	26 22
6..13 9	17 13	13..20 24, and wins.	
7..9 6	22 17		

Solution of Drummond's 35th Position.

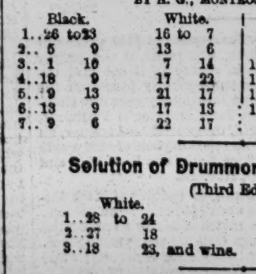
(Third Edition.)

White.		Black.	
1..28 to 24		18 to 23	
2..27 18		20 27	
3..18 23, and wins.			

Position No. 27, Vol. XII.

BY A. KERR, GLASGOW, SCOTLAND.

BLACK.

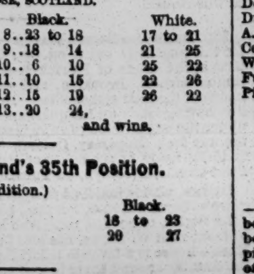


WHITE.

White to move and draw the game.

The 36th Position OF DRUMMOND. (3d edition.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

Match Games.

BETWEEN J. MCINTOSH AND J. MCGREGOR.

Black—J. McI.		White—J. McG.	
5..11	16	28	24
6..7	10	25	22

SECOND GAME.

Black—J. McG.		White—J. McI.	
3..4	8	26	22
4..9	13	27	23
5..6	9		

BALL PLAY.

BASE BALL PLAYERS vs. CRICKETERS.

EAGLE vs. NEW YORK CLUB.

For several seasons past, we have striven hard to get up a series of games between base ball and cricket clubs, which should result in both parties becoming better acquainted with the merits of the two national methods of playing ball, and in a more close intimacy and more friendly intercourse between ball-players and cricketers than has hitherto occurred. In 1860 the St. George Cricket Club played a game of ball with the Excelsiors, and the next season two or three ball matches with other clubs; but the New York Club were the first to inaugurate a series of games in which matches were played at base ball and cricket, their game with the Atlantics in 1863 being a very enjoyable affair indeed, and the beginning of a cordial friendship between the two clubs, which would have been still closer cemented had the Atlantics given the hospitable New Yorkers an opportunity for the return game which they did prepare for at Hoboken. Since then the Empire and Manhattan ball and cricket clubs have fraternized, to a considerable extent, the result being an accession to the playing strength of the Manhattan Club and a decided improvement in the base ball batting of those who have played cricket. The latest fraternizations of this kind was brought about by "Brother Cozans," of the Eagle Club—this gentleman and his club, by the way, being among the foremost in promoting everything calculated to benefit ball-playing—in a visit of the Eagle Ball Club to the New York Cricket Club on their grounds at Bedford, which interesting event came off on Wednesday, Oct. 19th, 1864, a day that will long be remembered by both clubs as one of the interesting events of their annals. The Eagles went over to Brooklyn in a handsome six-horse stage, doing the thing up in style, as they always do, and, on their arrival on the grounds, the New Yorkers who were present congregated around, and gave them three hearty cheers of welcome; afterwards, when in the club room, passing round the hospitable glasses in true old English style. Arrangements for the day's play soon followed, and sides being chosen for a cricket match, the captains tossed, and the Eagles went to the bat, their side numbering eighteen, against eleven on the part of New York. The Eagle party being "as green as green could be" in a practical knowledge of the game, were allowed the assistance of an amateur member of the Manhattan Club to direct them in their movements, and for a time the game went on promisingly for a good score, but the aforesaid amateur not being strong enough at the bat to retain his position at the wickets, had to leave his friends to themselves, and it was not long before the eighteen were disposed of, their scoring being 49, of which Collins made a good nine, Bogart a creditable six, Fagg carrying his bat out, after defending his stumps well, the Manhattan gent being lucky enough to obtain eleven for his share. When the game was over, the parties adjourned to the club house, where they found a splendid hot dinner, hospitably prepared for them, and the chilly air and the active exercise had duly prepared them to enjoy it to the fullest extent. This collation over, preparations were duly made for a game of base ball, and then it was the Eagles began to "feel their oats," each rejoicing in the fact that it was their turn to laugh at the "green 'uns" now. But it turned out that there was not so much to laugh at after all, for beyond the want of practice in playing the points of the game, the cricketers were found to be better posted in base ball than their opponents were in cricket, and on this occasion we must confess that their display in fielding in the respective games was decidedly in favor of the cricketers. Finally, after a game of about two hours duration, the result was declared in favor of the ten players of the Eagle side, who scored 37 against 14 by the fifteen New Yorkers, the Eagles giving the odds of four outs. Byron and Suydam led the score in batting, and in fielding on the New York side, the base play of Higham and Mackenzie was specially noteworthy, likewise the short fielding of Marsh and Sharp. The cricketers had Lord, of the Atlantic Club, to help them in regard to learning the "points." At the close of the match, the two trophies were given and received by both parties, appropriate speeches expressive of the pleasure each had enjoyed from the day's play and of the friendship that had been commenced by the visit, mutual cheers marking the departure of the Eagles on their homeward trip. On their way to the ferry they stopped at the residence of Mr. Smith, at Bedford, an old member of the Eagle nine, where they were duly entertained in a very "smiling" manner by their host, after which they again started for the city, and thus ended their visit to the New York Cricket Club.

The following is the score of the game of one innings each side at cricket.

EAGLE.		NEW YORK.	
Cozans b Tyler	0	Mellish, run out	1
Salisbury l b w b Adams	1	Murry b Aylmer	2
"Aylmer" b Adams	11	Hall b Welles	4
Clark b Tyler	2	Hudson, not out	19
Bogart b Tyler	6	Tyler b Welles	16
Welles b Tyler	0	Suydam b Gough	2
Collins c Hall b Adams	9	Seymour c Hillier b Gough	0
Gough b Tyler	4	Adams b Aylmer	6
Powers, run out	1	Maddox, run out	3
Fagg, not out	0	Mack, run out	11
Brodie st Hudson b Tyler	2	White, not out	3
Brown st Hudson b Tyler	1	Byes 7, wides 4	11
McElroy b Adams	0		
Williams b Tyler	0	Total	71
Edwards b Tyler	0		
Chapin b Tyler	0		
Hillier b Seymour	0		
Byes 7, leg byes 4, wide 1	12		
Total	49		

Umpire—Messrs. Marsh and Lester.
Scorer—Mr. Bull.

The following is the score of the ball match:—

BATTING.

EAGLE.	H.L.	R.	NEW YORK.	H.L.	R.
Yates, c f	2	6	Suydam, c	2	2
Willis, l f	1	7	Byron, p	2	2
Sallisbury, p	2	3	Higham, 1st b	3	1
Collins, c	2	5	McKenzie, 2d b	4	1
Chapin, s s	4	2	Oakley, 3d b	3	1
Clarke, 1st b	1	5	Marsh, s s	2	1
Bogert, 2d b	2	4	Hudson, l f	3	1
Gough, 3d b	3	2	Beech, c f	3	0
McElroy, r s	6	1	Tyler, r f	2	1
Powers, r f	4	2	Sharp, r s	2	0
			Lester, f	1	1
Total		37	Lord, f	2	1
			Hall, f	2	1
			Ratcliffe, f	3	0
			Gisborne, f	2	1
			Total		14

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Eagle	10	5	4	3	3	2	0	5	5	—37
New York	0	1	5	3	0	3	0	2	0	—14

Umpire—Mr. Matt, of the Eagle Club.
Scorers—Messrs. Cozans and Bull.
Time of game—Two hours and 30 minutes.
Home runs—Yates, 1; Willis, 1.

BASE BALL AT PRINCETON.

A VERY interesting and well contested game of base ball was played at Princeton College on Thursday, Oct. 20th, between the Junior and Sophomore classes, which resulted in favor of the former by the following score:—

BATTING.

JUNIORS.	H.L.	R.	SOPHOMORES.	H.L.	R.
Wickham	4	3	Crocheron	2	6
Paulison	5	2	Katzenbach	4	3
McPherson	2	4	Rankin	2	5
McIlvaine	3	4	Nixon	3	4
Haines	2	5	Findley	1	4
Hunt	2	3	Howe	3	1
Sampson	5	2	Lyon	4	1
Condit	2	5	Forsyth	5	0
Shuster	2	2	Little	3	3
Total		30	Total		27

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Juniors	0	3	5	3	4	5	4	1	5	—30
Sophomores	5	5	4	2	1	2	1	4	3	—27

Umpire—Charles H. McClellan, of the Senior Class.

PASTIME vs. WYANDOTTE.

The first match the Pastime B. B. Club, of East New York, have been engaged in since their organization, Sept. 1st, 1864, took place on their ground on Thursday afternoon, Oct. 27th, their opponents being the Wyandotte B. B. Club, of Flatbush. But six innings were played, on account of darkness, the result being in favor of the Pastime by a score of 13 to 11. The following is the score:

BATTING.

PASTIME.	H.L.	R.	WYANDOTTE.	H.L.	R.
Miller, c	4	1	Cornell, 2d b	1	2
P. Ralph, 3d b	3	1	Saml. Lott, p	1	2
De Clue, 1st b	3	1	S. S. Lott, 1st b	4	0
Dunn, p	1	2	Bennett, c	4	0
A. Ralph, 2d b	0	3	Suydam, 3d b	3	0
Colyer, l f	3	0	Ditmas, l f	2	2
Waggonn, jr, c f	1	2	Brown, r f	1	1
Furman, r f	2	1	Forbell, s s	1	2
Pitman, s s	1	2	Ryder, c f	1	2
Total		13	Total		11

Scorers—Messrs. Sackman and ——.
Umpire—Geo. H. E. Fletcher, of the Excelsior Club, Brooklyn.

OSCEOLA AND ACTIVE.—Portland, Oct. 21st, 1864.—MR. QUEEN:—I notice in your paper of Oct. 20th, a match game of base ball between the Osceola and Active base ball clubs. The Osceola's boys were older than the Actives, but the size was an error. The pitcher of the Active is 20 years old, and larger than any member of the Osceola who played. Of the nine that played, only three went to Boston, and they were the poorest players on the nine, and two players belong to the third nine, Williams and Lowell, who played in place of Cole. The Actives were going to play with the Brunswick boys, but their catcher and fielder were expelled. The Actives think that they are the Champion of Portland, but they have never played with our first nine.

ALBANY vs. UTICA.—A jolly party of the Knickerbocker Club of Albany went to Utica on the 24th ult., and played a muffin and a first nine match with the Utica Club. They had a great good time in the field, a gayer one over the social board, and a very pleasant trip altogether. The Utica muffs won by scoring 22 to 58, but in the first nine match the Knickerbockers held "a full" and won by a score of 31 to 22. The fraternization of the two clubs appears to have been of the most cordial sort, and cordial was abundant during the Knickerbockers' stay in Utica.

THE LOWELL BALL CLUB, of Boston, defeated the Hampshire Club of Northampton on the 18th ult., by the heavy score of 88 to 10.

THE TRI-MOUNTAIN BALL CLUB, of Boston, visited Holliston, Mass., on the 19th ult., and defeated the Granite Club of that place by a score of 58 to 28.

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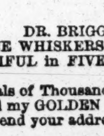
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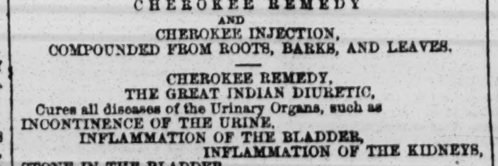
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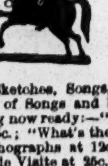


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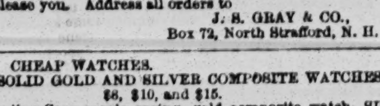
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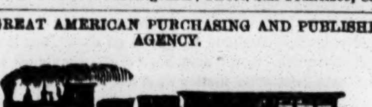
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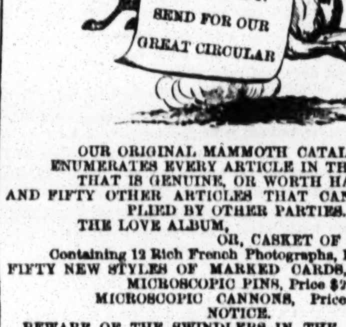
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Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical, and Minstrel Professions.

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☞ WE have letters for Walter Benn, James C. Mar, Ed Andrews, C. Amory Bruce (2), C. W. Harris, Alphonse Roner, Eugene Valentine, Chas. Luckey, Harry Mitchell, Harry Talbott, Oliver B. Dodd, C. J. Russell (2), J. H. Budworth, Mr. Whiting, Prof. Geo. Whitney, H. H. Wood, Howard M. Graves, Augustus Manwaring, J. Castle Maccoonner (Circus performer), Frank Diamond, Chas. H. Haswell, Ed Hoffman, Harry Stebbins (2), Thomas Simpson, E. C. Quick, Chas. B. Griste, Michael Coghlan, Dick Sands, Dick McGowan, J. R. Reynolds, Geo. W. Stevens, Dick Black, D. Hanchett, Harry Pell, Peter F. Byrne, Wm. P. Spaulding, Harry Stanwood, Henry Brown (5), J. H. Carter (2), J. B. Bough, Charles Covelli, 'Equestrian," Helen Western, Ruth S. Butler, M'lle Mazona Arnolda (2), Lizzie Lane, Susie Jackson, Mrs. Mary L. Berrell (4), Mrs. Rachel Adams, Albertini Natali, Mary Jane Curling, Jessie Robinson, Louise La Font and Cherry Belle.

Notice.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS, CORRESPONDENCE, etc., intended for this or any other department of the NEW YORK CLIPPER, should be addressed to the editor and proprietor only, thereby ensuring early and careful attention. We give this notice now, in order to prevent omissions, errors, and misunderstandings in the future. Those, therefore, who violate this rule, and whose communications in consequence may remain unnoticed, will understand the cause of our silence.

FRANK QUEEN,
Editor and Proprietor NEW YORK CLIPPER.

City Summary.

MONDAY, Oct. 31, '64.

"ALL THOSE PASSENGERS which has not yet secured their tickets" for Salt River and its tributaries, are kindly informed that the present is the last week that those passengers can secure those tickets, and thereby make their title clear to a berth in the boats leaving early next week. What a muddle this election business is, especially in this city, where we vote for everybody and everything, from the city scavengers to State scavengers, and clear up to the Presidency of these United States. There'll be a precious job for the election judges when this campaign is over; how to discriminate between the candidates and the officers, will try their patience sorely. We had the honor once of being judge at an election, and when the day was over, and we began to count, the judge on the other side told us to go ahead, but it wouldn't amount to much, "for," said he, "Jeff"—they used to call us Jeff in those days—"no matter what majority you may figure up for your side, we'll beat it; we've got things fixed. Why Jeff," continued he, in silvery tones—they paid specie then—"if I only dared tell you our little game," says he, "you'd give up the tiresome job of counting, at once." Well, we beat 'em nicely on the official tally lists, but blamed if their man wasn't elected, after all. And so it will be in the coming election. Fraud will put many a man in office, and some of those legally elected in, will be illegally counted out. Now, we'll wager a pint of roasted chestnuts that nearly every reader is inwardly "cussing" us for writing political instead of show stuff, just as if a man hasn't the right to fill his own paper with anything that suits *him*. Look at all the other papers. Ain't they chock full of buncombe speeches, dry teasts, and fraudulent political lies paid for at so much per line? Does the reader pay *not* to have such distressing stuff spread before him? What right has he to complain then? He gets his paper, and that's enough. What it contains is the proprietor's business, not his. "Constant Readers" and "Regular Subscribers" are getting most too sassy since the war commenced, and need a little curbing. Why it was only the other day that a man came abruptly into our presence, and said, says he, "*You're* a h—ll of an editor—why don't you put more dog fights into yer paper? *That's* what people likes to read. Who cares for yer d—d theatres, or yer b—y horses, and such things? Just you publish more about dogs and rats, and see how yer d—d old paper 'll go up then." He meant it, too, and when his ferocious aspect went out of the office, we felt easier. Another gentleman, of more mild demeanor, but not more persuasive eloquence, desired to know if we did'nt think it would benefit the paper to leave out notices of music halls and minstrels, and give the theatres a little more space. "Excuse me, Mr. Queen," says he, "but don't *you* think it would pay you to make the drama the great feature of your lively sheet? *Every*body would then read it, and your profit would increase accordingly." The dramatic gentleman *meant* well, and we promised to think the matter over, merely remarking that the dog-fighters would enter a solemn protest against any innovation upon their rights. Now, good readers, you *all* know that we devote a good share of space to records of the Prize Ring. Well, the muscular Christians assert that we don't give 'em *half* enough pugilism. Once a party of the boys, being in the office on official business, caught us alone; there were twenty of them, and only one of us, as Artemus Ward says; and the manner of their argument, suiting the word to the action, and making demonstrations peculiar to that much-abused people, almost persuaded us to make the CLIPPER one great prize-fight, and nothing else. We think it was the Slashing Slasher who put in an appearance at the proper moment, and preserved us from the "scheming designs of a vindictive foe." Says the Slasher to the pernicious crowd, in his blandest tones, "What 'er yer makin' such a d—d muss for? Why don't yer let the man be? *he* knows his own bisness, don't he?" The Slashing Slasher was a good spokesman, and his words always carried weight with them. The gentlemen having accomplished the object of their mission, did not consider it prudent to advance further, and quietly withdrew. *We* remained on the ground we occupied in the morning. So you see, friends, you're altogether too sassy and ignominious, and must take whatever we choose to give you, without complaining, just as you do at your twenty-shilling boarding-houses. End of our strictures on newspaper readers, and their impudent assumptions.

'TWAS THE NIGHT before Thursday, that we took a friend to see Solon Shingle, at the Broadway Theatre. We arrived at the scene of operations in what we considered good season, but bless us, it would have been easier for ye fabulous camel to pass through ye eye of ye ancient needle than for us two to have passed through the living mass that wedged themselves therein. John Owens has a firm grip on the throat of theatrical patrons, and he will not relax his hold until he has given everybody a chance to see him in his great impersonations, and made them subservient to his will........The same bill is to be repeated all this week, and in the "People's Lawyer" Mr. Thomas H. Knight will make his first appearance this night......It is probable that "The Victims" will shortly be withdrawn to make room for a comedy now in rehearsal.

"LET DOGS DELIGHT to bark and bite," says a very popular ancient piece of poetry, intimating that there are no further uses to which they can be advantageously put. This may have been the case when the beautiful poem referred to was written; but men have become wiser since then, and so have dogs. Unless you have been to Wood's Minstrels, you can have no idea of the astonishing feats performed by a troupe of dogs now under engagement at that house, under the direction of Mr. Siegrist. They are well-behaved canines, nothing pugnacious in their dispositions, and they are seemingly proud of the position they now occupy. This attraction, mind you, is in addition to the regular minstrel entertainment, and contributes to make up a very pleasing programme.

SAILED, on the 29th Oct., in the steamer City of Washington, Thomas Thumb, lady, and servant, and Miss Minnie Warren, bound direct for Liverpool and all England. Commodore Nutt will probably leave soon, for the same destination, in the care of Mr. Barnum. If *Barnum* goes, then we may expect to hear of a great sensation in London, for wherever that great showman puts his foot, big things, even with little things, will be the result.

MRS. JOHN WOOD gives us a fresh programme this week, "Martin Chuzzlewit" having been shelved for the present. "Marguerite's Colors" will be shown for the first time, this evening, bringing out, in bold relief, an actress new to this country—Miss Eliza Newton is her name, and England is her station; her first appearance in America taking place at the Olympic, Oct. 31st. It is to be hoped that Miss Eliza will prove worthy of our kind regards and liberal support .....Mr. W. Holston, who has just recovered from an attack of Byles, and other indisposition, will renew the pleasure of our acquaintance this evening, in "Dominique, the Deserter." No doubt Byles the deserter will be warmly welcomed, as the critics say, "to the scenes of his early triumphs." ......To still further enlist our attention, Mrs. Wood announces for representation on the 2d inst. the comic drama of the "Rose of Castile." The Rose will bloom in new and gorgeous apparel, surrounded by new and appropriate scenery, and accompanied by the soft whispers of the lute and trombone; Byles will also show in it, along with Mrs. Wood, and Miss Louisa Myers, who made such a clever little thing of some character she played in something that was performed just before "Chuzzlewit" was brought forward.

MISS KATE ORMOND, of Ocean Circus fame, sailed for Havana on the 26th Oct. If she hailed from the Eastern States (which she doesn't,) we should call her a "Notion Child." This is intended for a smart or funny joke.

"SCENES IN AN APPLE ORCHARD" is one of the novelties offered by Campbell's Minstrels this week. In this "Apple Orchard" it is not improbable that a lifelike representation will be given of the identical sour apple tree upon which it is proposed to hang Mr. Davis. We hope the Orchard sketch will be productive of abundant fruits. Among other new features we shall see the "Awkward Squad," "Pilgrim Fathers," "Union Cockade," and the lively "Masher and Smasher."

AFTER a successful season of three weeks at the Old Bowery, "Lysiah, the Abandoned," sleeps well, having been abandoned on the 29th, for the production of "The Peddler Boy and the Tartar Witch," which is to be presented for the first time to-night, introducing Miss Fanny Herring as the Boy, and Miss R. Denvil as the Witch. This spectacle is to be presented in an entire suit of new costumes, scenery, etc. G. L. Fox and his great pantomime troupe will appear every evening in one of their well-acted pantomimes.

THE ITALIAN OPERA drags along slowly; we guess matters ain't very hilarious at the Academy. It's most too close to the Iron Circus.

MORE DOGS. Members of the canine race are coming into great favor; Mr. Barnum has just imported a lot of performing "kiyoodles" for his Museum, and they will take the place made vacant by the departure of the Thumb family. Professor G. H. Hutchinson will put the dogs through their paces, and expatiate upon dogography generally. Then there will be shown a party of live Indians, "engaged at an enormous expense," as we are kindly informed. And last, and least of all, Com. Nutt will continue his meditations, solitary and alone. But after you have seen all the curiosities, revelled in the mysteries of the past, and been shown the secrets of the future, then you walk into the Lecture Room, where regular theatrical representations are given, day and night, "before large and appreciative audiences."

MISS MOLLIE WILLIAMS and Mr. F. A. Vincent are candidates for popular approval this week at the New Bowery Theatre, opening on the 31st Oct. in "The Cricket" and "Jenny Lind," Miss Williams appearing as the Cricket and Jenny, supported by Mr. Vincent in both pieces. These artists have just terminated a series of engagements in the Western country, where they have made themselves favorites. While their engagement continues at the New Bowery, they will produce a number of their specialities.

MISS MAGGIE MITCHELL made her first appearance at Niblo's Garden, on Monday, October 24th, as Fanchon, the Cricket. It is a character in which she has won a great reputation; and one, too, in which we might with truth assert she has not her equal. It is a very easy matter for an actress to assume the appearance of a young girl, such as Fanchon is supposed to be, but to throw life and individuality into the part is, to use a common-place expression, "a horse of another color." From the very moment that the fair Maggie makes her appearance we are induced in some unaccountable manner to take an interest in the life and wanderings of the "merry cricket." We laugh when she laughs, and when she weeps we look as anxiously for her sorrow to pass away as a maiden does for the arrival of her newly purchased bonnet. It is nature, it is not acting; it is reality, and we feel that it is. Who amongst us has not seen just such a girl, and watched her with her headlong gait, and shoe that will persist in slipping off the heel. Rags may adorn her person, and her locks may be uncombed, but around her is a charm more potent than a magician's wand—it is the charm of innocence. It is in the first act that Miss Mitchel appears to the best advantage, and those who intend to visit the theatre should manage to be present before the rising of the curtain. Her "Shadow Dance" is a peculiarity in itself. We watch her standing in the moonlight—we see her curtsy and talk to her own shadow. We gaze intently as she throws both arms above her head, and commences to dance with her phantom-like partner. We smile, too, as she stoops to kiss the outlines of herself, and fills the air with sounds of merry laughter. And what a laugh it is. The bells that chime on Sabbath morn to bid the wayward sinner seek his house of worship do not sound more sweetly. There is music in her voice, such music as we only hear at night when dreams attend our quiet sleep. In the second act we see Fanchon claim the fulfilment of Landry's promise; we admire the grace of her dancing; we feel indignant at the ignorant mob who would cast her into the stream; and we feel the teardrops rolling down our cheeks as we listen to her defence of an aged grandmother. Then Landry saves her from the violence of the villagers, and she releases him from his promise. When, in the next act, she speaks of her mother—what though they call her the soldier's dog, with all her faults she is her mother—we are only prevented by a fear of destroying the various instruments in the orchestra from hurrying on the stage, giving the rabble a few knocks, and embracing Fanchon on the spot. The last three acts give us the gradual development of a woman's love; and what it may accomplish is plainly shown—the untutored girl becomes a priceless pearl. Nature created Maggie Mitchel for the part of Fanchon. A figure lithe and small, a fairy waist, a queenly head with swan-like neck, hair of light brown, lips whereon the bee does sip the honey of her words; two merry eyes, limbs of which Dame Nature broke the mould, two little hands and two tiny feet "like mice beneath her petticoat." Imagine all these and you have before you the "merry cricket." The people turned out in crowds to welcome her. At an early hour in the evening the ticket office was besieged by anxious sight-seekers. People swore at each other, hats were smashed, toes were trodden on, sharp-pointed elbows would stick into neighboring stomachs, favorite corns were annihilated, canes were dropped, perspiration flowed, holders of seats were envied, but still everything went off pleasantly. The Landry of Mr. Collier was rather stiff, and in the dance he was a little out of gear; he has since improved, however. With Mr. Burnett as Father Barbaud, we have no fault to find; the part was performed by one who is evidently aware of the inner life of German families. Mrs. Farren was a little too tragic as Old Fadet and reminded us greatly of one of Macbeth's Witches, only the witch in this case had been prevailed upon to lead a civilized life, and not to catch her death of cold by dancing wierd dances on an unfrequented heath at midnight. New scenery has been painted, and the rustic bridge over the moonlit stream is "tooral looral." Crowded houses have greeted the cricket all the week, and the play promises a long run. The latter part is somewhat tedious, and we would suggest a curtailment, for three hours and a half's worth is a trifle too much for a Broadway audience's money.

MR. WM. WOODROFFE, of the Bohemian Glass Blowers, lost his little child Eliza by death, Oct. 27th, in this city. Diptheria carried the little one to its new home. We sympathize with the parents in their affliction. The child was two and a half years of age, and a beautiful little girl.

LEO HUDSON, the "Mazeppa Queen," as she is styled, arrived in this city last week, after an extended tour West and Southwest. She is at present in Baltimore on her farm, taking a rest prior to her re-appearing in Louisville, where her next engagement commences.

MR. SAMUEL PIKE, of the Cincinnati Opera House, is at present in this city, where he intends remaining for some time.

IT IS SELDOM that we find an actor in whom the highest principles of Tragedy and Comedy are combined, but that this is the case with Mr. J. S. Clarke, is shown by his masterly rendering of Bob Tyke, in the "School of Reform," produced last week at the Winter Garden. Morton's plays, as a general thing, are dull and heavy, they belong to a bygone age, abound in pompous expressions and figurative language, and require consummate skill to rid them of a sense of weariness which usually attend their representation. The "School of Reform" cannot properly be called a comedy—it is more like a drama, and rejoices only in one or two amusing characters, who would like to be comic if they dared, but refrain from so doing out of regard for the feelings of the author. There is a villain, and in this respect it may be said to resemble the dramatic conceptions of the present day, for no play is acceptable now without it has a little dose of rascality. Morton's villain, however, is peculiar—he is a nobleman, and therefore has an undisputed right to do his worst, and embrace his wife before the fall of the curtain. In the character of Bob Tyke, Mr. J. S. Clark is destined to add new laurels to his brow. We have had no representative of the *role* since the days of Lysander Thompson, and we accept at once the rendering of Mr. J. S. Clarke as the correct interpretation of this difficult character. There is evidence in it of deep thought, and of careful study, and it is thought that it will become as celebrated as Owen's Solon Shingle. What is still more wonderful, there is no trace of Major De Boots—a character which Mr. Clarke has heretofore mixed up with his other characters. There is nothing funny in the part of Bob Tyke, and in the first act we are inclined to be disgusted more than pleased. We have before us a low bred scamp, whose proclivities naturally suggest an acquaintance with hostlers and other stable dignitaries. Unknowingly he robs his own father, and it is only then that he begins to reform his evil ways, and strives to become a worthy member of society. We remember many years ago to have seen Burton attempt a serious part in the belief that tragedy was his line, and until the day of his death it was impossible for any one to alter his opinion. This attempt of Burton was a failure, for scarcely had he appeared upon the stage when he was greeted with shouts of laughter. It is an established fact that most all tragedians imagine they would succeed as comedians, and *vice versa*. With Mr. Clark, however, it is different, for not only does he manage to sink his identity, but even those who visit the Winter Garden with the intention of enjoying a good laugh, are forced to depart with tearful eyes. Why, one old fellow directly behind where we were, cried as though he had not shed a tear since the days when we went gipseying, "a long time ago." The burden of the piece rests on the shoulders of Mr. Clarke, Mr. Chester, and Mrs. Chanfrau. The latter lady is always as welcome as a plate of ice cream in hot weather. There is a grace and ease in her acting which we meet with in but few actresses, and the simplest parts become in her hands gems of art. The scenery, being the best that could be procured at a moment's notice, will do very well for the present, but if it is the intention of the management to keep the peace on the boards, we would advise the early purchase of canvas and the employment of a scenic artist. We would like to say a few more words in praise of Bob Tyke, but really we are at a loss for suitable expressions. This much we do know, that Old Morton will pop out of his grave some night, and bestow upon Clarke some well-merited commendations. Go on, Mr. Clarke, and may we always find you a zealous worker in the "School of Reform."

REWARDS OF MERIT have been awarded to A. Ward for speaking pieces and doing things at Dodworth Hall, during the past week. As a public speaker, Mr. Ward ranks A No. 1 in his own class, he alone composing the class, and, therefore, being at the head. His descriptions of Mormon men, manners, and things, cannot well be "described" except by the gentleman himself; they are at times instructive, ridiculous, perplexing, but always amusing, and ever inviting the "closest scrutiny." This Mormon Show draws a house full every night, and pays the lecturer for his trouble. As the lecturer would express it, "all other shows are infamous scoundrels."

THE HIPPOTHEATRON is doing well, because a good company is engaged there, and some marvellous feats performed. In addition to a number of other first class equestrians, Mr. J. Barry makes his appearance this week. Among the people are Melville, the Australian rider; Marietta Zanfretta, tight ropist and horsebackist; Young Nicolo, flying trapezeist; M. Duverna, turn-himself-inside-out-ist; Young Carpenter; Herr Olma, who nightly "leaps for life," etc.

THE DEMON—Heller's Demon—the Scarlet Demon—or whatever else Heller's latest conjuration is called, is a devilish good thing, and well worthy of a place in the Salle Diabolique. Nothing can effect the Scarlet Spirit—the sword falls hurtless against it, or at least passes through it without the power to do it bodily or spiritual harm. See it, friends, ere you embark for Salt River and a market.

"THE SHODDY MILLIONAIRE; or, The Troubles of a Dutch Tailor," will be depicted by Hernandez, at the Varieties, the current week, being one of the features of the new programme. The "Bouquet of Loveliness" will embrace some splendid forms and beautiful faces, and throw around the scene the balm of a thousand flowers. Let us all embrace the opportunity to embrace the "Bouquet of Loveliness." In the list of performers engaged at the Varieties, we find the names of Naomi Porter, the sisters Walby, etc

BIG BILL this week at 444 Broadway; Charles E. Collins likewise turns up, while Bartholomew and Maffit bring out the pantomime of the "Adventures of an Englishman." For particulars of the best and biggest bill of the season, see small bill.

WHY is the glass steam engine at Woodroffe's, Hope Chapel, like Niagara Falls? Because it won't go without water. This beautiful effort of the mind was intended to compete for the prizes offered by the Bohemian Glass Blowers last Friday evening, but as we knew it to be a sure thing, and would throw all the other effusions into the shade, we kindly consented to withhold it for the present, by universal request. Drop in and see the Woodroffes, any how; you'll gain some information, if you've gumption enough to understand anything.

THE DOBSON BROTHERS' card, in reply to Converse's last, will be found in another column.

AN ADVERTISER is advertised for in this issue by Mr. Frank Rivers, for Campbell & Castle's English Opera Troupe.

Dramatic.

"THE WITCHING ELFIN STAR" is the romantic title by which Miss Alice Kingsbury is professionally known. That it is *apropos*, we have every reason to believe; for the western public and the press are unanimous in pronouncing her a "deliciously natural" actress. Possessing youth, beauty and talent, it is no wonder that her engagements are uniformly successful. Her "term of service" at the Metropolitan, Davenport, having expired, the lady proceeds to Cairo Nov. 7th, Nashville 21st, Natchez Jan. 2d, 1865, and then returns to Davenport Feb. 20th. Mr. A. A. Wyatt is her business agent. For other particulars regarding the "Elfin Star," see advertisement.

MISS JENNIE DUMONT, comedienne, has, we are very sorry to learn, been confined to her bed since the 25th of January last, at her residence in Cincinnati. Such a protracted sickness must necessarily have taxed her physical and pecuniary resources, and we sincerely hope, therefore, that the lady has fallen among friends in this her time of need, and that her full recovery may be speedily brought about.

FRANK DREW had good houses at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, the second week of his engagement, but the pieces he appeared in did not show him off to the advantage the first week's plays did, if we except his burlesque acting in "Aladdin," which was very good. By the way, the audience he had when he appeared in "Aladdin" were extraordinarily dull in appreciating the jokes of the play, the wit being almost entirely lost on them. He was ably assisted by Miss—not Mrs.—King, who is a deserved favorite at the Park. There have been some changes of late in the Park company—Duff left some time since, and Murdoch, a promising young actor, retired last week. The cause of the departure of these two gents is, of course, "nothing to nobody," and therefore we have nothing to tell on the subject. Something was the matter, however. The Parkites are beginning to miss the pleasant faces of Mr. and Mrs. Conway. Two weeks is the limit of their enjoyment of any novelty, and it's time the fair manageress and her portly and courtly husband put in an appearance again. Frank Drew took his second benefit on the night of Oct. 28th, and, in consequence of the Old Bowery attractions at the Academy, he had but a two-third house. The attendance, however, was as good as the performances, if we except the burlesque scene from "Camille," which was excellent, Drew's impromptu speech at the close being right up to the mark. The first piece was the worst-acted affair we have seen at the Park since Mrs. Conway began there.

OPERATIC MATTERS IN BROOKLYN do not run as smooth as they might do. The fact is, the *impressarios* of the several operatic troupes treat Brooklyn too much as if it was a mere appendage of New York, instead of an important part of "ye great metropolis," having the same appreciative and refined people, and the same abundance of greenbacks to reward first-class singers and actors. Up to the performance of "Polliuto," which was given by the Masetzek troupe on the 27th of October, matters had gone on favorably enough; but, on that occasion, it being a rainy night, the attendance therefore being slim, the troupe cut the opera short by one or two scenes, this liberty taken with their patrons being something the aforesaid won't submit to with impunity. Whether it was done to punish them for the poor house they had, or whether it was the result of an effort to drive the lovers of the opera into subscribing for the series of representations Maretzek proposes to get up in Brooklyn or not, we cannot say, but we think it will have a reverse effect.

AT THE APOLLO THEATRE, Lexington, Ky., a series of stars have had the effect of making business very satisfactory to the treasurer. Last week Mrs. Waller attracted full houses, and this week it is anticipated that Miss Emily Thorne's performances will have a like effect. Manager Weaver holds out a proposition to stars for engagements, the purport of which will be found in his advertisement in another column.

ZOE'S NASHVILLE ENGAGEMENT terminated at the Old Theatre on the 29th of October.

MRS. MARY STEVENS, a popular Western actress, and who has lately joined the forces at Duffield and Flynn's Nashville Theatre, has made a most favorable impression. She is already a great favorite.

THE BONIFACE AND NEWTON ALLIANCE commenced at Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati, Oct. 31st, for two weeks.

THE ATHENÆUM, TOLEDO, Ohio, under A. O. Miller's management, is nightly growing in favor with the citizens of that place. The "Ticket of Leave Man" was produced last week.

EDWIN ADAMS closed in Cincinnati, October 29th, and commences in Nashville, at Duffield and Flynn's Theatre, October 31st, for two weeks. Ned came very near being a "goner" last week, in Cincinnati, meeting with an accident which might have resulted in the death of himself and wife. It appears that the young tragedian had hired a carriage for the purpose of a drive to Mill Creek. During the journey, one of the horses becoming frightened, both became unmanageable, when his wife was thrown from the vehicle with great violence, whereupon Mr. Adams jumped from the carriage, which inflicted a number of severe bruises. His escape was a most miraculous one.

THE RICHMOND theatrical manager, whose escape from the conscription we chronicled a week or two since, was subsequently recaptured, and "sent to Thunder." The *Richmond Enquirer* of Oct. 24th says:—"The re-arrest of R. D'Orsay Ogden, late manager of the Richmond theatre, whose escape some three weeks ago from military authority was the source of considerable comment, creates naturally a lively topic. He was arrested on Thursday last by a Confederate scout, named John Taylor, at the house of Mr. Fielding Lewis, in King George County, where he was stopping as a guest, and arrived in this city under the escort of his captor on Friday night. He was immediately committed to Castle Thunder. The announcement of his arrival in Yankeedom by a Northern paper was of course false, and doubtless intended as a ruse. It appears that Ogden, after his escape from the Fredricksburg train, proceeded immediately towards the Potomac, but, as he states, as it was not originally his intention to go to the North, he decided that he would not go now. He was three times at Mathias Point, where he had every opportunity to cross into Maryland, and although he felt sure that should he return to Richmond, voluntarily or by compulsion, he would be subjected to arrest as a deserter, he was weak enough to permit the consideration of his peculiar status as a foreigner, though decided against him by the courts, to prevent him from quitting the Confederacy as a fugitive. He states that his only object in leaving Richmond when he did was to avoid being thrust into a company of conscripts at Camp Lee and hurried to the field, after he had asked permission to join a local corps, in which were some of his personal friends, and go with them to the front, which request was peremptorily refused. His case will shortly be examined by a military court, when, doubtless, some new points will be presented affecting the right of the Confederacy to his services, though, as he has before declared, he has been willing to do military duty with other foreigners in the local service. He believes that he is a persecuted man, and expresses some apprehension that the sentiment against him may induce the authorities to hustle him through a hurried examination, and either force him into the army or inflict some punishment upon him before his plea of justification can be properly considered. He is hardly correct in this view, however, as his prominence as a theatrical "manager, actor and author," the furore which his supposed exit from the South produced, or any personal enmities to which he, in common to all flesh, is heir, cannot subject him to the hostility of the authorities, who are bound, in the language of the law, to hold him innocent until he is proven guilty. It is quite certain that his position looks rather guilty than otherwise, taking his own actions, which open a wide field for prejudice, as evidence."

YANKEE LOCKE closed his engagement at the Pittsburgh Theatre on October 22nd, and he certainly will have no reason to complain if he meets with the same success elsewhere that crowned his efforts in the Smoky City. On the 24th and 25th, the new moral drama of "Azael, the Prodigal Son," was produced for the first time. Our correspondent, "Idaho," says:—"It is a beautiful play, containing some very pathetic parts, and was placed upon the stage in good style; but nevertheless there was a something wanting in the piece to make it draw, for upon the second night the attendance was very slim; but Manager Henderson came to the rescue, and appeared as "Ingomar, the Barbarian," on the 26th, the bare announcement of which was sufficient to fill the house. Miss Eberle's rendition of Parthenia deserves especial praise. On the 27th, "The Shoemaker of Toulouse" was presented to a good house; on the 28th, Mr. Henderson was announced to appear as "Richelieu."......Mrs. Emma Waller will put in an appearance on the 31st, and as she has numerous friends in Pittsburgh, I predict for her a successful engagement."

THE AMERICAN THEATRE, San Francisco, completely re-painted and furnished, upholstered and decorated anew, was re-opened Oct. 2d, by Murphy & Bray's Minstrels and a dramatic company, with Mrs. W. H. Leighton in the leading *roles*.

CHARLES WHEATLEIGH was up for a benefit Oct. 3d, at Maguire's Academy of Music, San Francisco. Wheatleigh was to appear as Bagshot in "A Bull in a China Shop." Mr. W. was to leave for Victoria at last accounts.

MRS. EMILY JORDAN, with a dramatic company under Charles Tibbetts' management, has been performing at Marysville, Cal. The company was to appear at Sacramento Oct. 5th, with Charles Wheatleigh added to the forces.

MISS LIZZIE GORDON, who left San Francisco one year ago for China and India, has returned to the former city. Beyond the benefit of foreign travel, Lizzie has received no advantage. Without friends in Kanagawa, Japan, she was lucky enough to find friends among the officers of the British war vessels in port, through whose instrumentality a benefit was gotten up for the fair stranger which realized five hundred dollars. This sum enabled her to reach her beloved California, and she exclaimed as she touched the land there: "My foot's upon my native sand hills, my name is Gordon." Lizzie professes to have a "heart for every fate" except that of being dollarless among the Japanese.

EDWIN FORREST is performing this week at the Academy of Music, Albany, N. Y., supported by J. H. McCullough, Mad. Ponisi and Miss Isabella Freeman, in addition to the regular company.

THE WEBB SISTERS are at the Louisville Theatre this week.

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES KEAN made their *de'ut* in San Francisco, Oct. 8th, at Maguire's Opera House, in "King Henry VIII" and "The Jealous Wife."

THE DEBUT of Mr. George Coppin, lately arrived in San Francisco from Australia, was fixed for Oct. 9th, at Maguire's Opera House, in "Paul Pry" and "The Wandering Minstrel."

THE COMEDY of "Extremes" was produced at Maguire's Academy of Music, San Francisco, Sept. 28th, with the Richings and Charles Wheatleigh in the leading *roles*. The house was crowded to witness its representation. Peter Richings took a benefit Oct. 1st, and the house was filled to repletion.

THE RICHINGS OPERA TROUPE produced "Il Trovatore," in Italian, at the Academy of Music, San Francisco, Oct. 9th.

MR. AND MISS COULDOCK commenced their engagement at the St. Louis Theatre, Monday, Oct. 24th, the beautiful drama "The Willow Copse" being produced to a very fair house, notwithstanding the counter attraction of the Italian Opera at Library Hall, and Howes' Great Circus as well. The "Chimney Corner" was announced for the 25th, and "The Willow Copse" to be repeated on the 26th. Mr. Couldock has lost none of the vigor of his early days. Our correspondent "Don" says—"I had the pleasure of being present, some 25 years ago, at His Majesty's Theatre, London, on which occasion 'Hamlet' was produced by the Shakesperian Club, Mr. C. playing Horatio to the Hamlet of Barnard Gregory (now *non est*—peace to his manes). The correct and careful reading of Mr. Couldock gained him great applause." No doubt when Mr. Couldock reads this it will call back many pleasing recollections connected with the above club, which has sent forth so many great actors.

THE VARIETIES, St. Louis, is still driving a good business, but the people want to see some good, dashing, rousing, rattling play again, and the opportunity will soon be afforded them, as the supers and machinists that were taken away to serve in the militia have now returned, and a novelty is in active preparation. Tony Pastor's good-natured face always makes the audience settle down for something rich, and when he sings, Milwaukee, don't they screech! Dan Holt, who has been sick some little time, has resumed his banjo to the great delight of the colored gemmen. Mons. Tophoff's beautiful *ballet*, "La Esmeralda," is received with great favor. Kathleen O'Neil also comes in for her share of well-deserved applause, and the burnt cork extravaganzas of "Big and Little Mac" are rich delicacies. "The Mysterious Stranger, or Satan in Paris," with Miss Hathaway, Celia Morley, Frances Le Roy, Sally Mason, Frank Raymond, Chapman, Beane and Barrett in the principal parts, was performed on Monday and Tuesday.

THE ITALIAN opera company performed at Mercantile Library Hall, St. Louis, one night only, Oct. 24th. They were well patronized by a crowded and fashionable audience, who seemed highly delighted at the rich musical treat afforded them. It is said that the troupe could have safely stayed there two nights longer.

"OUR AMERICAN COUSIN" was produced at the Varieties Theatre, New Orleans, Oct. 14th, Scallon as Asa Trenchard, Barton Hill as Dundreary, Mrs. J. H. Allen as Mary Meredith, and Viola Crocker Barrett as Florence Trenchard. The burlesque of "Mazeppa" was also produced. The "Colleen Bawn" was announced for production Oct. 16th, and "The Duke's Motto" was in active preparation.

THE NEW ORLEANS ACADEMY OF MUSIC was thrown open for inspection Oct. 15th. The theatre has been completely renovated by Manager Bidwell. Not only do the walls, ceiling and tiers show a lavish distribution of paint and gilt, but, at each end of the dress-circle and second tier, a delightful private box has been constructed, handsomely carpeted, furnished and decorated. A large mirror in each will gratify masculine and feminine vanity. The proscenium, drop and lateral pieces, styled flats, invite special attention, and, in fact, seem to constitute the most brilliant feature of the building. The drop curtain is a fairy scene, the proscenium, pictures of Washington and the Goddess of Liberty, with patriotic mottoes, and the whole is artistically executed. One of the scenes is Canal street, beginning with Clay's statue, and taking in the Touro buildings and Giquel's.

MRS. D. P. BOWERS was the attraction at the Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore, last week. She appeared in Mr. C. W. Tayleure's new dramatization of "Lady Isabel, or East Lynne," on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday nights, to crowded houses. On Thursday night it was withdrawn to give place to "The Stranger" and "The Honeymoon;" in both the characters of Mrs. Haller and Juliana, she was rapturously applauded.

MR. AND MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS opened an engagement at the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, on Monday night, Oct. 24th, and were welcomed by a crowded house. Their engagement, on the whole, proved a highly successful one. They are succeeded this week by the famous Union scout and spy, Major Pauline Cushman, and the young comedian, Mr. James Ward.

THE ST. CHARLES THEATRE, New Orleans, has been so renovated as hardly to be recognised as the "Old Drury." The exterior of the edifice has been to a certain extent rebuilt, the front wall being surmounted with a new cornice, and bright with its fresh coats of paint. The interior, however, presents more explicit tokens of the liberality and correct taste of the management. On crossing the several thresholds of ingress the eye is arrested by the delicacy of hue and beauty of frescoe upon the walls and the ceiling over the grand staircase, the ascent of which being made the auditorium is presented to view. Here numerous surprises greet the eye, and show that the brush has been, indeed, at work. The scrupulous panel and dainty tint each attest the deft artist, while the huge drops in their gorgeous, though fictitious arras, upheld by golden chords, indicate more ambitious, though not more masterly talent. It may be well to refer to the nine ways of egress from the establishment, obviating the disagreeable necessity of a crowded throng at the doors on the close of a performance. This matter has been specially debated by the management, and so arranged that the theatre can be vacated by the largest audience in three minutes. The season commenced Oct. 17th. Miss Emma Maddern and Kate Vance, supported by Mr. Derr, together with the horse Don Juan, were the opening stars for Manager Eddy. During the engagement of Miss Vance, "Mazeppa" is to be produced.

THE AUGUSTA (ME.) OPERA HOUSE, now in the 7th week of the season, is gradually increasing in prosperity. Mr. S. E. Browne, the lessee, has spared neither pains or expense in his endeavors to establish a comfortable place of amusement, and his labors are gradually being rewarded. Among the company we notice Messrs. E. W. Beattie, Watson, Sanford, Thorne, Bradley, Francis, etc.; Misses Holmes, Spear, Carrie M. Day, Annie Lewellyn, etc. The latest attractions have been the "Ticket of Leave Man," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Ten Nights in a Bar Room," etc. The houses are represented as being well filled nightly with the *elite* and intelligence of the city, to which may be added a tolerably large floating population, enabling the manager to conduct a very respectable and paying business. An old woman and walking lady is wanted. See advertisement.

MR. AND MRS. HENRY WATKINS concluded their six nights' engagement at the Opera House, Norfolk, Va., on the 22d of October. During their engagements they appeared in various pieces, embracing "Kathleen Mavourneen," "Arline, The Rose of Killarney," "The Hidden Hand," and "Pioneer Patriot."......Miss Charlotte Thompson succeeded them, appearing on the 24th as "Fanchon, The Cricket;" she has also appeared as Pauline, in "The Lady of Lyons," and as Madelaine, the "Belle of the Faubourg." Her artless personation of "Fanchon" at once induced a favorable impression, while her pathos and simplicity did but deepen conviction. Crowded houses have greeted her nightly, and her engagement gives promise of being unusually successful.......Mr. Glenn's next star is Mrs. Waller, the great tragic actress, who will commence a twelve nights' engagement on the 7th November, giving place, on the 21st, to Dan Setchell, who is engaged for six nights.

MISS LOTTA, the California comedienne, has again been engaged by Mr. McDonough, and is now performing with that gentleman, in his spectacle of the "Seven Sisters," at the Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore. Her Boston engagement was broken off in consequence of the company at the Tremont suspending operations.

THE PHILADELPHIA Theatres have been doing well during the past week, except perhaps the Chestnut, where the audiences have fallen off a little. Miss Olive Logan was the star there, and has appeared in the "Hunchback," in which she opened, "The Lady of Lyons," "The Stranger," "Romeo and Juliet," and "Eveleen." She closed her engagement on the 29th of October, and is succeeded by Mrs. D. P. Bowers, one of Philadelphia's greatest favorites, on the 31st, her opening piece being "East Lynne." Mr. Lewis Baker, the stage manager at this theatre, has appeared as Romeo to the Juliet of Miss Logan, and his performance is highly praised. Our correspondent Lucifer says:—"Miss Effie Germon, who is one of the greatest favorites we ever had in our city, appeared as David Copperfield, and Colin in "Nature and Philosophy," during the week. She appeared in the "Forty Thieves," as Morgianna, on Saturday afternoon, and sang a new song, for which she was rapturously applauded. Walter Lennox is a great favorite at this theatre, and is well received in whatever part he appears....At the Arch Street Theatre, Vestvali has performed "Gamea" all the week, except on Friday, when she appeared in "The Brigands" to an immense audience. Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams open here on Monday, Saturday being Vestvali's last night .....At the Walnut, McKean Buchanan and Daughter have occupied the week, opening in "London Assurance." They played "The Robbers" the balance of the week, except Friday, when Macbeth was produced, his daughter being announced as the "youngest actress, except infant prodigies," that had ever essayed the *role*. Mrs. G. C. Germon, who is playing Mrs. Thayers old *business* at this theatre, is a capital actress, and is rapidly becoming a favorite with the audience. The third tier at this theatre is extremely noisy, affording great annoyance to the visitors at the Walnut.

MR. L. P. BARRETT IN A NEW ROLE.—This gentleman, who was announced to appear at Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati, Oct. 24th, came very near not coming to time, on account of the delay of a train he was on, and thereby missing a connection at Richmond, Ind. Not wishing to disappoint the public, he determined at all hazards to be in Cincinnati that night. Mr. B., however, had no notion of what was going on there and telegraphed that he would be ready to fulfil his engagement, although a that time he was not in the State. He was accompanied by La Petite Alice, and it occurred to him that he would go to Hamilton by means of a hand car, and thence reach that city in time, were it not for his charge. She overheard him make this remark, insisted that she could ride on a hand car and begged him to go. Through the kindness of Mr. Conover, Superintendent of the Hamilton & Eaton Railroad, who gave him a car and the right of the road, he started. By the aid of relays of men, he did reach Hamilton, a distance of forty-five miles, in time to take the train to Cincinnati, where he arrived about six o'clock that evening. In the meantime, however, because of the fact that his telegram had not been received, Lucille Western had been announced to repeat her impersonation of "Lady Isabel," and for this reason, so far as the performance was concerned, he had made haste to no purpose.

YANKEE LOCKE was to commence an engagement at the New Nashville Theatre on the 31st ult. Messrs. Conner & Co., of this city, are his agents.

MME. DE MARGUERITTES has just completed a dramatization of Miss Braddon's novel, "Darrel Markham; or, the Captain of the Vulture." It is in five acts, with a four character part for the star. Mr. Hellier, of the Philadelphia *Programme*, is agent for Mme. De Marguerittes' works.

ACTORS AND ACTRESSES, of the genus star and stock, having the requisite genius, are wanted by Manager Wildman, of the Metropolitan Theatre, Davenport, Iowa. See Jas. Conner & Co.'s card to that effect in our advertising columns.

MESSRS. BIDWELL & PIKE have closed their Temple of Amusement at Portsmouth, N. H., for a couple of weeks, for the purpose of altering, redecorating, and otherwise improving it in appearance as well as convenience. They calculate on reopening it about the 16th inst., for the winter season, and are organising a good company in the meantime. They advertise in another column for a first old man and a utility man.

THE DRAMATIC AGENTS, Messrs. Conner & Co., are establishing branch agencies in various cities of the Union. J. N. Berthianne is their special agent in Chicago. See advertisement.

"PAUVRETTE" is produced at the Boston Museum this week.

MR. AND MRS. W. J. FLORENCE are drawing good houses to the Howard Athenæum, Boston. "The Ticket-of-Leave Man" is in active rehearsal.

MISS FANNY HERRING, with the Old Bowery company, went to Brooklyn, on the 28th Oct., and gave a performance of "Lysiah, the Abandoned," in the Academy of Music, in the presence of a large audience, who greeted the Old Bowery company in the most enthusiastic manner.

DAN SETCHELL opened to a crowded house, Oct. 24th, at Grover's Washington Theatre. He played throughout the week.

FANNY B. PRICE'S engagement at the Toronto, C. W., Theatre, which commenced Oct. 31st, in "Fanchon," is for two weeks.

THE ENGAGEMENT of McKean Buchanan and daughter at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, has thus far proved a most brilliant one. Notwithstanding the intense election excitement in that city last week, and the torch-light processions at night, business with these artistes was very good. They remain this week, and were to produce, on the 31st of October, their drama of "Waiting for the Verdict." The following complimentary notices of the Buchanans we extract from the Philadelphia papers:—

THE WALNUT.—Under the inspiration of McKean Buchanan and his accomplished daughter, "London Assurance" passed off last evening in a manner worthy of the brightest days of the drama. Mr. Buchanan's personation of Sir Harcourt Courtley was as fine a presentation of that character as was ever witnessed in America. It was finished to the very last detail; not overstrained, but literally perfect. His voice, gestures, costume and manner were really inimitable, and the large audience enjoyed the entertainment most thoroughly. Miss Virginia Buchanan made a most favorable impression as Lady Gay Spanker, and the public will be eager to see her in other parts.—*Evening Bulletin, Oct. 25th.*

WALNUT STREET THEATRE.—Mr. Buchanan and his daughter Virginia have established themselves in the favor of the public, and will play a fine engagement. They have appeared in "London Assurance" and "The Robbers."—*Evening Telegraph, Oct. 26th.*

THE WALNUT.—Mr. Buchanan's version of "The Robbers" passed off admirably last evening, the house being very full, and the acting of Mr. Buchanan and Miss Virginia Buchanan being most admirable. "The Robbers" will be repeated this evening. —*Bulletin, Oct. 26th.*

"We remarked last week that the selection of "London Assurance" for the *rentree* of a tragedian was somewhat singular, but we question if Mr. McKean Buchanan could have made a wiser choice, under all the circumstances; certainly he could not have produced a more favorable impression, nor obtained a more flattering reception for himself and his daughter. Mr. Buchanan's Sir Harcourt was admirable throughout; no one could wish a more finished picture of an old beau; the effort to appear young, the maintenance of the "air noble" under adverse circumstances, the self-conceit, and the absurd flirtation with Lady Gay, were all given in the most complete style. His make up was, in itself, almost sufficient to carry the character successfully through, and every point was made by him without apparent effort. Miss Buchanan is a fine looking woman, with handsome features, and gifted with an agreeable voice, which she uses well. The scenes with Sir Harcourt were well done, and she received a fair share of the favors of the house. Both father and daughter at once stepped into the good graces of the audience, and commenced their engagement with a decided success. A new version of Schiller's favorite play of "The Robbers," was given on Tuesday, but we were not present; report, however, spoke highly of the performance of Charles de Moor, by Mr Buchanan, whose commanding figure and fine face could not fail to lend additional effect to the character. On Friday evening "Macbeth" was given, in which Mr. McKean Buchanan personated the hero, and his daughter the trying character of Lady Macbeth, and with marked ability. The impersonation abundantly proves that for the very young lady nature has done much, and that the full extent of her powers has yet to be attained. Mr. and Miss Buchanan are here at the very worst period of the year, but notwithstanding the great political agitation previous to the election, their performances have been numerously attended."—*Sunday Times, Oct. 30.*

"Mr. Buchanan appeared as "Macbeth" for his benefit, Friday night, but a terrible hoarseness coming on suddenly, almost utterly took away all his power; it would, therefore, be unjust to speak of him. Miss Virginia Buchanan, young as she is, has much dignity; her voice is fine, and her face capable of great expression. The manner in which this play was put upon the stage disgraced even the Walnut Street Theatre, celebrated as it is for the incongruities, poverty of decoration, and actual squaller of its stage presentations.—*Telegraph, Oct 29.*

MISS HELEN WESTERN, who has been indisposed for several weeks, renews her engagement next week, opening at the Academy of Music, Cleveland, Ohio, on the 7th Nov. Mr. J. W. Guest is the lady's agent.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN of the profession, wishing to travel with a dramatic company through the West, have an opportunity now, as will be seen by an advertisement in another column.

A PROPERTY BOY is wanted for a travelling company. See card in another column.

ANY PARTY having a set of scenery suitable for a travelling company, will find a purchaser by referring to a card in another part of this paper.

THE "TICKET-OF-LEAVE MAN" is on the bills this week at the Metropolitan, Buffalo.

MISS LETTIE CHANDLER, a young American actress, is performing an engagement at the Annapolis (Md.) Theatre.

Negro Minstrelsy.

MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S OPERA HOUSE, in Boston, was destroyed by fire on Tuesday evening, Oct. 25th. The fire was discovered at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, and the members of the company immediately set to work with great agility in removing the property, and by dint of great perseverance and activity succeeded in saving, in a slightly-damaged condition, of scenery, clothing, etc., about $2000's worth. The flames extended so rapidly that a large quantity of other material in the upper property rooms was lost, either *in toto*, or in a greatly-damaged condition. Among the articles which could not be saved were the scenes and properties of the pantomime of the "Magic Horn," which was to have been revived this week. These alone were valued at $1000. All the instruments belonging to the company were saved. All the papers and manuscripts belonging to the troupe were fortunately saved. The Old Province House, which formed the greater part of the opera house, is a building of no little historic importance, having been the residence of the Provincial Governors of Massachusetts. It has been occupied by the Morris Brothers, Pell & Trowbridge's Minstrels some four years, and was for some years previously known as Ordway Hall, having been occupied by Ordway's Æolians. This company had recently enlarged and altered their opera house. While the building was in flames, Mr. Henry C. Jarrett, of the Boston Theatre, with his accustomed liberality, offered the free use of his theatre for Thursday afternoon, Oct. 27th, for the benefit of the troupe. The offer was accepted by the M. B. P. & T. party. On Thursday, Oct. 27th, Mr. H. C. Jarrett handed over to Messrs. Morris Bros. & Co. a check for $1430.60, being the gross amount received for tickets for the benefit tendered by Mr. Jarrett. The company is performing at the Tremont Theatre at present, and will continue there during the rebuilding of their opera house.

WE REGRET to learn that H. S. Rumsey, the celebrated banjo player and minstrel, is lying dangerously ill at his father's residence in Newburgh. Mr. Rumsey is well known as a popular and highly successful delineator of Ethiopian character, and in his peculiar line is almost without an equal. We hope speedily to be able to record his recovery.

SOME of the papers have announced the death of Johnny Booker, which, we are glad to learn, is incorrect. We have received the following letter in reference to the report:—"Cincinnati, Oct. 26, 1864.—Frank Queen: I see going the rounds of the papers the announcement of my death, the result of a pistol wound received while in Dayton, with G. F. Bailey's Circus, some six weeks ago. True, I was very dangerously wounded, the ball entering the left breast, just below the collar-bone, passing through the lung, and lodging somewhere in that locality. But, thank heaven, I am now out of danger, and in a fair way of recovery. Most respectfully, JOHNNY BOOKER.

SANDERSON'S MINSTRELS commenced a series of performances in Odd Fellows' Hall, Washington, D. C., on the 27th October.

SILVER AND GOLD are esteemed more highly about now than greenbacks by "the dear public." Manager Duprez is evidently of the same opinion, as, with the famous Duprez & Green's Minstrels he has gone in pursuit of those precious metals in the British Provinces, where they are said to abound at this time. So far, Mr. Duprez has every reason to be grateful for his success, as the company has struck a vein that promises a rich and continuous yield. Before leaving the States, they performed at Gloucester, Mass.; Biddeford and Portland, Me., to magnificent business. On the 25th ult. they left Portland for Montreal, where they were to open on the 31st ult. The success of this troupe since they started out on their present tour has been great, and the talent that it contains has met with nothing so far but positive and universal endorsement of its superiority. They remain at Montreal for one week.

"TAMING a Butterfly," will be illustrated by Carncross & Dixey's Minstrels, at their Opera House in Philadelphia, during the present week. "Lather and Politics," also announced, is an appropriate accompaniment to the exciting election campaign now going on in that city. Harry Lehr is doing Ginger Blue, in the "Virginia Mummy."

KING PAIN, the Intelligent Contraband, will be introduced to the patrons of Moran's Minstrels, in Philadelphia, this week. The "Secret of the Lunch Table" will also be let out. Frank Mason's "I'd Choose to be a Baby" is one of the best things on the comic bill of fare.

RECRUITS.—Messrs. Skiff & Gaylord have been recruiting both men and muscle for their minstrel company and brass band, with which they intend entering upon their second annual campaign, feeling confident of success. They claim to have the largest and most legitimate troupe now travelling. That being the case, extensive public patronage and consequent large harvest of 10:40's should be their portion, and their skiff should not complete their voyage empty. In fact, an M. T. Skiff is not to be thought of, if it has the CLIPPER as a consort.

ARLINGTON, KELLY & LEON'S MINSTRELS announce their regular season to commence in Chicago, Oct. 31st. Billy Allen joins the party on the opening night.

FRANK W. SEYMOUR, formerly with Christy's minstrels as end-man, has dropped the burnt cork business for a while, and is now doing service in the army. He enlisted in the 15th N. Y. Eng'rs, Co. F, and is at present at City Point, Va.

COOL BURGESS & HAVERLY'S MINSTRELS, after a trip through Canada, opened in Pottsdam Oct. 24th, Malone 25th and 26th, Rouse's Point, 27th, Plattsburgh 28th and 29th, and were to appear at Burlington, Vt., November 1st and 2d.

AN END MAN, one skillful with the tamborine, and not given to bacchanalian indulgences, etc., is wanted for the Raynor-Christy minstrels. Where and whom to address will be learned by an advertisement in another column. The troupe is now at Syracuse and has been doing a flattering business.

THE OLYMPIC MINSTRELS performed in Newark, N. J., Oct. 24th and 25th; Paterson, 26th; Bridgeport, Conn., 27th; Newark, 28th; New Haven, 29th and 31st. Jake Wallace and Larry Tooley joined them on the 24th. Business has been very good since the company started out.

THE SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS hold on at the Eureka Theatre, San Francisco, under the stage management of Mr. Coes. David S. Wambold, Billy Birch, Charley Backus, Coes, Abecco, Shattuck, Lewis, Martin Simonsen, and Mrs. Fanny Simonsen, form a galaxy of stars. Billy Birch was up for a benefit on Oct. 3d.

Music Halls.

THE LONG EXPECTED Corps for the Academy of Music, New Orleans, arrived out all safe, and a triumphant success attended the opening night, which was Oct. 20th. The building was crowded, not even standing room being left unoccupied, and numbers of disappointed applicants for admission were turned away from the box office. The company were still suffering from the effects of their sea voyage, but were well received. Miss Eva Brent made a decided hit, as did the Zanfrettas, Miss Kate Pennoyer, Mlls. Lehman, and one or two others. Miss Ada Nixon suffered from hoarseness, which marred her singing, but notwithstanding, she fascinated many of the auditors.

GEORGE LEA, Manager of the Canterbury, Washington, D. C., reading the notice of Mrs. Jerome's children, in last week's CLIPPER, very kindly forwarded the necessary expenses to bring the lady and her children from Fort Leavenworth to Washington, D. C. The money was forwarded by express on the 26th ult.

HUTCHINS, the lightning calculator, having terminated his engagement at Gilbert's Museum, San Francisco, has formed classes of gentlemen for the purpose of instructing them in his rapid system of computation.

UPON THE RE-APPEARANCE of Billy Holmes at Fred Aims Melodeon, Pittsburgh, Pa., on the 24th, there went up such a shout, our correspondent says, that "I dare say was never heard in the old Melodeon before, and, to use one of the eccentric W. A. Wray's expressions, he nightly makes the Melodeon ring. Billy is a pleasing singer, and stands next to Tony Pastor in my estimation as a comic genius......Miss Fanny Thompson made her appearance on the 24th, Millie and Clara Fowler still remain, also J. C. Campbell, Denny Gallagher, Tom Willson, Billy Thomas, Leon Chenet, Miss Rose Smith, Lizzie Ellsworth, Ellen Collene, and Mdlle. Delphine, the champion jig *danseuse*......Trimble's retain all the old favorites, and are doing a good business."

A PANTOMIME AND CIRCUS TROUPE, with the indicative prefix of "Jonathan Jack," has been organized, and is now under the control of Madame Macart, the well-known Parisian equestrienne. Besides herself, there are in the company, John Foster, clown; G. R. de Louire, pantomimist, etc.; E. F. Rivers, pantomimist and clown, and Miss Ada Quaglienna. The troupe gave its first performance at Robert Gardiner's Baltimore Melodeon, on October 31st, at which establishment it will continue to perform for two weeks. Managers wishing to engage this troupe should address Madame Macart, as instructed in her advertisement in another column.

MONS. LOUIS ZANFRETTA is doing the Flying Trapeze feat at the Casino, Philadelphia, and also performs a drum solo while suspended by the neck from a rope.......Hughey Dougherty illustrates his adventures in a world of insects. Great times at the Casino—big company and big entertainments.

MANAGER LEA produced the pantomime of "Don Juan," at the Canterbury, Washington, last week, with Cherry Belle as Don Juan, and Josh Hart as Don Guzman. Among the new faces that were added to the company were Jennie Johnson, Charley Kane, and Dick Collins.

AT BISHOP'S VARIETIES, Chattanooga, Jack Smith and W. F. Bush were added to the company last week. The new building being erected for this company will be finished this week.

AT THE VARIETIES, Detroit, the company at present engaged consists of the Whittony Brothers, Master Tommy, Mdlle Rosetta, Emma Masson, Mrs. O. W. Blake, Harry Leslie, Miss Hattie Hinckley, Kate Partington, O. W. Blake, E. C. Buell, Tom Clannon, Tom Russell, Fernando Fleury, Tom Williams, Pete Lee and the Lucker Brothers.

THE MELODEON, Baltimore, attracted good houses last week. Agnes Sutherland and M. John Denier put in an appearance, Oct. 24th. The company, as at present organized, consists of Viola Clifton, Nellie Edwards, Fanny Chapman, Maggie Vernon, M. John Denier, Abijah Couse, Tom Vance, Frank Kenan, John Thompson, etc. The new additions are Jonathan Jack, styled the Hibernian Dwarf, John Foster, the clown, George Derious, and T. Rivers.

THE ATHENÆUM, Cleveland, Ohio, under the management of A. Montpelier, is reported as doing a good business. Little Louise, the drummer girl, was announced to close there October 29th. Mr. Foster, banjoist, and Nick Grist, juggler, commenced there October 27th. Victoria Howard took a benefit on the 28th. Hank Goodman, Alice Cristine, Kate Archer and Mary Florence are in the company.

THE NATIONAL COMBINATION AND VARIETY SHOW is the selected title for a company of star performers recently organized for the purpose of making a tour of the United States and giving their varied and unique performances. A glance at the advertisement of the troupe, in another column, will show that it is composed of first class talent, and under the management of its experienced proprietor, Rufus Somerby, success would appear to be almost certain. N. B.—A first class danseuse is wanted for this troupe.

DON SANTIAGO GIBBONOISE, having concluded his travelling season with Yankee Robinson, is at present in St. Louis.

CANTERBURY HALL, Harrisburg, has changed hands. Messrs. S. B. Oyster and J. C. Keen are now the managers. Last week Dan Howard joined the company. The *corps* at present organized consists of Florence Edmonds, Mrs. Millinda Keen, Clara Williams, E. Haven, Jas. Flake, J. C. Keen and Joe Miller.

Circuses.

S. B. Howes' great procession set the show-going folks almost crazy in St. Louis. Our correspondent says:—"On the 24th of Oct I could not get within half a block of the canvas, so I cannot send you details till my next. St. Louis is a great show city, not less than 6000 persons having visited places of amusement yesterday, 24th, not counting the scores of free saloons, &c."

The Leviton Brothers, three in number, have left the Varieties, St. Louis, and are now performing at Palace Garden, Cincinnati. They are very clever and very daring in their flying trapeze and floor acts, although new in the biz.

Tom Cony is engaged to appear at the Athenæum, Cairo, Oct. 29th. Tom has a fine and clever dog, and intends bringing out several of the pieces for which his father was so celebrated.

Business continues excellent at the Royal Lyceum, Toronto. On the 22d Oct., Miss Flora Myers took her first benefit, appearing as "Jack Sheppard," and as Walter Arlington, in the "Idiot Witness," with J. C. Myers as Gilbert. An overflowing house greeted the *beneficiaire*, and the performance passed off well. On the 24th, Camilla Urso, the lady violinist, commenced a six nights' engagement, the dramatic company playing "The Little Treasure," with T. L. L. Connor as Maidenblush, W. C. Pope as Sir Charles, and Miss Myers, as Gertrude and Camilla, finishing up the evening. On the 25th, "Ben, the Boatswain" was produced, with T. L. Connor as Ben, W. J. Wiggins as Dabbleton, A. Halford as Arthur Trevor, Miss Myers as the dashing middy, Edwin Gage, Mrs. Nellie Leslie (a promising young actress) as Rose Somerton, and Miss E. Johnson as Madge. "Nick of the Woods" was up for the 25th, and, on the 31st, Miss Fanny Price was to commence an engagement, bringing out "Fanchon" for the first time in Toronto. The management are rapidly growing into favor there, and hope to put the drama upon a firm footing. The "Holman Troupe," Robert Miles, Mrs. Gladstane, McKean Buchanan and daughter, with Mrs. Page, follow in rapid succession.

A Full Dramatic Company, for a season of three months, is wanted by the American Equestrian Dramatic Company. See advertisement.

Yankee Robinson's Circus closed the season Oct. 27, at Davenport, Iowa.

Dan Castello's Circus performed at Mouth of White River, Ark., October 19th and 20th, Duval's Bluff 21st and 22d, and was to go thence to Little Rock.

L. B. Lent's Equescurriculum did a good business last week in Cincinnati.

Miscellaneous.

Ellinger & Foote.—While the political excitement is keeping many first-class companies out of the field until after the Presidential election, this meritorious company (like Sheridan) are advancing, charging upon the right and left, and victory is perching upon their banners at every point. The last news from this party comes from Binghampton, N. Y., where they made a stand of four days. Though they did not take over fifty pieces of artillery from the enemy, they did take a large amount of government shinplasters, which they bore off triumphantly. On Saturday afternoon and evening Brigham Hall was filled with smiling, happy faces, to witness the exhibition and presentation of a beautiful miniature chariot to Com. Foote and sister, by the proprietor, Col. Ellinger. This chariot (being under contract nearly six months and costing $1500) was manufactured by C. Witty, 450 Broadway, and is one of the finest specimens of taste and workmanship ever seen in this country. Barnum's Tom Thumb and Com. Nutt carriages are said to bear no comparison in beauty or elegance. At the presentation, it seemed that all the fashion and *elite* of Binghampton were out; every part of the hall was filled with loveliness and beauty. The entertainment passed off with evident delight to all present. So admirable is one part fitted to the other, and so chaste and beautiful the whole, that the hours passed away like a pleasant dream. At the close of the entertainment proper, the little chariot was drawn upon the stage, when the delight of the audience was expressed by all rising to their feet, exclaiming "What a beauty!" The entire company now assembled upon the stage, when Col. Ellinger said substantially as follows: "It affords me great pleasure to present you and your sister this little carriage. It is prompted by no bond, save that of affection. During the past four years, your gentlemanly deportment and your sister's kindness, in striving to do all in your power to please me and our patrons, have merited my full approbation and this token of my esteem. Please accept the gift, therefore, with my best wishes for your future success and happiness;" to which the gallant little Commodore responded as follows: "Allow me, in behalf of myself and sister, to thank you for this beautiful gift. We prize it for its *worth*, its *beauty* and *elegance;* but far more we prize the noble generosity that prompted its bestowal, and yet it only adds another link to the 'golden chain' of pleasant remembrances with which you have ever surrounded our pathway. God bless you, Col. Ellinger, and reward you with the success you so richly deserve." The little people were then seated in their tiny chariot, the coachman mounted upon his seat, clad in livery, and the coach was drawn across the stage, to the delight of all. We learn that the company are bound for the Wyoming Valley, and thence through the central part of Pennsylvania.

Mr. C. B. Griste has gone back to his old love, having joined La Rue's War Show last week at Erie, Pa.

Evans & Co's Gift Entertainment opened at Wieting Hall, Syracuse, N. Y., Oct. 24th, for three nights, and had a good run of houses. Thence to Geneva, for three nights. This week the party is at Corinthian Hall, Rochester, commencing Oct. 31st.

Miss Adelaide Phillips proved to be a trump card in the hands of the directors of the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society at their concert on Oct. 29th, the Academy of Music being crowded to excess on the occasion, and that, too, under the new tariff of prices, which are fifty per cent. greater than last season. Miss Phillips is considered the finest contralto singer now on the lyric stage. At this concert she sang an exquisite air from Gluck's "Orphee," and "Una Voce," from the "Barber of Seville," in a style that brought down the house, the latter cavatina eliciting an enthusiastic encore, in response to which she sang "Kathleen Mavoureen" with exquisite expression and pathos, thus showing herself to be mistress of her art, both in English and Italian song.

Ahwanetunk's Indians, comprising seven in number, appeared at Glenn's Falls, N. Y., Oct. 25th.

The Great Washington Panorama of the War, with Henri Denier (Hoyte) the rope walker, are doing a good business along the shores of Lake Champlain. They were at Whitehall Nov. 1st.

The Ladies of the Ripley Female College, Poultney, N. Y., gave an entertainment of "Concert and Tableau," Oct. 28th, for the benefit of the sick and wounded soldiers.

The Alleghanians, Vocalists and Swiss Bell Players, are meeting with great success this season. Miss Carrie Hiffert, Miss Amy Jenner, Mr. Geo. Galloway, Mr. J. M. Boulard, and Master Ward comprise the troupe, with D. G. Waldron, business manager.

Prof. Kane, assisted by 100 children, gave an entertainment at Canton, N. Y., Oct. 25th and 26th.

Spaff Hyman, magician, will open at Masonic Hall, Pittsburgh, November 5th. He is plastering the "Outer Walls" freely with his flaring banners, which, by the way, are put up by the gentlemanly "Bill Poster," Mr. James Thackeray, with a dexterity that shows that he is no slouch at the business.

An agent, of seven years' experience, desires a situation with some traveling or stationary show. See John Dickerson's card.

Amateur.

The Wheatley D. A., of Philadelphia, gave their regular weekly performance on Oct. 26th, to an overflowing audience. The pieces were the "Spectre Bridegroom" and "Kill or Cure," both excellent farces. The character of Mr. Nicodemus, the sanctified "ghost in spite of himself," was ably sustained by Mr. Burns; his make-up deserves mention. Squire Aldwinkle, by T. M. Waer, was not altogether up to this gentleman's standard of acting. However, he is free from severe censure, as the character was not in his line of business, the old men properly belonging to Messrs. Burns and Beath. Capt. Vauntington, by John Wallace, was passable, the part not admitting of any points. Diggory was most ably performed by E. E. Hulfish, Jr., and convulsed the audience with laughter. In the scenes of the first act, especially, he was excellent. Mr. J. Brooke performed the small part of Paul very well, judging from the mirth which convulsed his hearers. Georgianna, by Miss Vernon, was a creditable piece of acting, and added much to the success of the performance. Miss McKinley was tolerable; she must learn to overcome her nervousness. In the afterpiece, "Kill or Cure," Mr. Burns displayed great taste in the manner in which he played the part of Mr. Brown, and added fresh laurels to those he has already won. Making his appearance at first in small parts only, he has gradually worked himself to the position of first old man. Mr. Marmaduke Mildman, by W. S. Dye, was good. John, by T. M. Waer, was not good at all, and was devoid of all spirit. The balance of the characters, by Mr. Harrison, and Misses Vernon and McKinley, were all very well sustained. On Nov. 2d, Mr. J. S. Freelinghuysen will make his first appearance this season, in "All that Glitters is not Gold," and "Boots at the Swan." The benefit of the association takes place Nov. 9th, when the most attractive bill of the season will be presented, consisting of the "Honeymoon" and "Love in Livery." Ladies and gentlemen desirous of becoming members of this association can do so by addressing Box 1023, Philad'a P. O.

Excelsior Dramatic Association.—This Association will give a performance at Dramatic Hall, East Houston street, on Wednesday evening, Nov. 2d.

AMUSEMENTS.

HELLER'S SALLE DIABOLIQUE,

No. 585 BROADWAY.
HELLER'S CHEF D'ŒUVRE
HELLER'S CHEF D'ŒUVRE
HELLER'S CHEF D'ŒUVRE
AND
GREAT MASTERPIECE OF MAGIC,
GREAT MASTERPIECE OF MAGIC,
THE
DEMON IN SCARLET,
DEMON IN SCARLET,
TRANSFIXED WITH A SWORD.
TRANSFIXED WITH A SWORD.
THIS EXTRAORDINARY SENSATION
THIS EXTRAORDINARY SENSATION

surpasses any feat in conjuring hitherto performed by legitimate conjurors or illegitimate spiritualists. It surpasses in its complications and mystic appearance all that has previously been done on the enchanted stage, and is really the

MOST EFFECTIVE,
MOST STARTLING,
MOST ASTOUNDING

illustration of how the senses can be illuded.

HELLER'S GRAND PIANOFORTE SOLOS.
SEDGWICK'S SOLOS ON THE CONCERTINA.

HOUSES CROWDED NIGHTLY.
HOUSES CROWDED NIGHTLY.

MATINEE SATURDAY, November 6, at 3 P. M.

THE HIPPOTHEATRON,

Fourteenth street, opposite the Academy of Music.
MONDAY, OCTOBER 31, AND EVERY EVENING
MATINEE ON WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY AT 2½ P. M.
SECOND WEEK SECOND WEEK
of the world-famed great Australian Bareback rider
JAMES MELVILLE,
with his talented family. First appearance of the renowned Equestrian MR. J. BARRY,
NEW POLISH MILITARY ENTREE.
MARIETTA ZANFRETTA on the rope, on horseback, and as a danseuse. THE TWO CONSCRIPTS—Comic interlude.
YOUNG NICOLO on the Flying Trapeze.
M. DUVERNA, the great Contortionist,
YOUNG CARPENTER, the Wild Rider of the West.
HERR OLMA, in his Leap for Life.
THE MAN MONKEY on horseback.
And a host of attractive novelties by the Mammoth Star Comp'y.
No advance of prices. Reserved seats, 75 cents; Boxes, 50 cents; Amphitheatre, 25 cents. Box open daily from 9 A. M. till 4 P. M. Doors open at 7. Performances begin at 8 o'clock. 30

AMUSEMENTS.

THE WITCHING ELFIN STAR!

ALICE KINGSBURY has just concluded a most "Successful Engagement" at the Metropolitan Theatre, Davenport, Iowa. This young, beautiful and talented Actress opens at the
CAIRO ATHENÆUM ON NOV. 7th.
ALLEN'S NEW THEATRE, NASHVILLE, NOV. 21st.
SMYTHE'S NEW THEATRE, NATCHEZ, MISS., (for six weeks),
JANUARY 2d, 1865.
METROPOLITAN THEATRE, DAVENPORT, IOWA,
FEB. 20th, (for two weeks).
The lady's repertoire comprises the following new and successful "Sensations:"
PAUL FEVAL'S CHILD OF THE SAVANNA!
A. T. DELICOT'S LADY OF KILDARE!
HOPE, THE LITTLE RAG PICKER!
ALEX. DUMAS' DIMPLE CHEEK!
THE BLACK BAND OF DEATH!
FANCHON AND BAREFOOT!
MISS KINGSBURY has yet "Two Weeks" of the Fall season open, commencing on the 5th of December; also, the whole of the Spring season from the 5th of March. All communication to insure attention must be addressed to her sole Agent,
ALBERT A. WYATT,
30-1t* 69 East Third st., Cincinnati, Ohio.

ONCE MORE ON THE ROAD!

SKIFF & GAYLORD'S
MINSTRELS AND BRASS BAND.
M. T. SKIFF & LOW GAYLORD .... Managers.
J. W. STEELE & SETH R. SLOCUM.........Sole Proprietors.
G. O. SLOCUM, Jr ....Treasurer.
The Managers take great pleasure in announcing to their friends and the public that they have
REORGANIZED AND ENLARGED
their Company for their Second Annual Travelling Tour of 1864 and 1865, making now the
LARGEST AND MOST LEGITIMATE TROUPE
travelling; also, Advertising larger than any Hall Show in the world.
C. E. RICHARDSON, Agent.
30-1t* JAMES STEWART, Assistant Agent.

THE NATIONAL COMBINATION and Variety

HOW, now on its First Annual Tour.
TWENTY PERFORMERS.
EACH MEMBER A STAR.
THE SNOW BROTHERS, and the
LEVANTIN BROTHERS,
Gymnasts, Acrobats and Athletes.
DICK SANDS, the renowned Clog Dancer.
MISS NETTIE ORLAND and MISS EFFIE CARLTON, Vocalists.
MISS FANNY MOREST, Danseuse.
THE FLORENTINE TROUPE
as the Wild Arabs of the Desert.
A superb Troupe of
PERFORMING DOGS AND MONKEYS.
THE AUTOMATON SLACK ROPE VAULTER.
A Comic Trick Pantomime at each entertainment.
After a brief stay in New England, this Company will proceed directly West,
RUFUS SOMERBY, Manager.
Wanted immediately—A First Class DANSEUSE. Address
RUFUS SOMERBY,
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APOLLO THEATRE,

LEXINGTON, KY.
Sole Lessee and Manager............H. A. WEAVER.
SEASON TERMINATES
JULY 4th, 1865.
FIRST-CLASS STARS
treated with on liberal terms. 30-3m

WANTED---For the CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS,

an END MAN—TAMBOURINE. Must be a steady and reliable man, to whom a permanent situation will be given. One who can play the Banjo preferred. Address
J. W. RAYNOR,
Manager Christy Minstrels, Syracuse, N. Y., or
JNO. P. SMITH,
Agent Christy Minstrels,
30-tf 25 East Fayette street, Balt., Md.

MELODEON!!

BALTIMORE STREET BRIDGE, BALTIMORE, MD.
ROBERT GARDINER ....Proprietor
Abijah Couse...................................Stage Manager
John D. Stull..................Business and Advertising Agent
THE PIONEER MUSIC HALL AND THEATRE
of the city, and now the
BEST CONDUCTED ESTABLISHMENT OPEN.
The immense crowds who nightly visit it are an evidence of
THE FAVORITE PLACE FOR AMUSEMENT SEEKERS
of Baltimore and vicinity.
In the brilliant combination of artists that delight the patrons of the MELODEON will be found the following Ladies and Gentlemen, who have all been acknowledged as
THE LEADING PROFESSIONALS OF THE COUNTRY.
FRANK KERNS, JOHNNY THOMPSON,
Ethiopean Comedians and Double Song and Dance men.
ABIJAH COUSE, Juggler and Dutch Comedian.
HARRY FRANCIS and D. W. COLLINS, Versatile Performers.
MISS VIOLA CLIFTON, Queen of Song.
MISS NELLIE EDWARDS, Vocalist and Yankee Comedienne.
NELLIE GRAY, Danseuse and Pantomimist.
FANNY CHAPMAN, Danseuse.
MAGGIE VERNON, Danseuse, etc.
In addition to a CORPS DE BALLET of twelve Beautiful Young Ladies.
M. JOHN DENIER Cataract Rope and Sensational Gymnast, with
MISS AGNES SUTHERLAND, the Scotch Nightingale,
now performing here a brilliant engagement, as also
MR. TOM VANCE, The Local Comic Singer of the Day.
Stars in the Music Hall Sensation Dramatic Specialities, can arrange good terms by addressing as above. 27-4t*

CAUTION TO THE PROFESSION.---CARD TO

THE CLIPPER FROM THE VARIETIES, 37 AND 39 BOWERY.—A certain individual, calling himself the Great Original Cure, called upon the proprietor of the Varieties, 37 and 39 Bowery, New York, and asked for an engagement to fill up three or four intervening days before his departure for New Orleans, and stating that he had been used (to use his own phrase) very dirtily by one Robert Butler. We didn't want his imported emigrant, but was willing to accommodate him with the opening he sought so earnestly. Mr. Collins engaged to appear three nights at the Varieties, for which he was to receive the sum of $40 (forty dollars). After our going to the expense of posters, distributing and house programmes, and advertising, he sends word that he is under an engagement with Mr. Butler, and could not appear at the Varieties. Now, why could not Mr. Collins have stated all this, and saved his name from any professional reproach? Performers are constantly complaining of not having had an honorable notice. Now, why do not performers perform what they preach, and set the example of squareness, which they wish to have practised towards themselves. We took Mr. Collins for a gentleman, but he has at least one "great evil" to "cure" before he can claim to have that honorable appendage in any way connected with his name.
For the proprietors,
W. T. DULANY, Stage Manager,
30 Varieties, 37 and 39 Bowery.

THEATRICAL WIGS, CURLS, BEARDS, WHISKERS,

SKULL CAPS, MINSTREL WIGS, FRIGHT WIGS, etc.
BRONZE MEDAL OBTAINED IN PARIS IN 1855.
We manufacture no other but THEATRICAL WIGS, to which particular branch of the business we have devoted our time for the last ten years—in Paris and New York. Goods sent to all parts of the Union. Address
PAUL DE SPOTTE, Theatrical Wig Maker,
30-2t* 15 West Houston St., N. Y.

VARIETIES, 37 and 39 Bowery.

THE GREAT VARIETY THEATRE.
FOUR HOURS UNINTERRUPTED ENTERTAINMENT.
IMMENSE SUCCESS
of the
PANTOMIMES OF ALL PANTOMIMES,
THE SOUTHERN REFUGEE.
A. M. HERNANDEZ, THE KING OF PANTOMIMISTS.
Our new stars received with tremendous applause.
OUR TABLEAUX, BALLETS, MINSTRELS.
GYMNASTS, SINGERS, AND SOLO DANCERS,
Received with unbounded enthusiasm.
MISS NAOMI PORTER, WARREN AND WEST,
CREATED A PROFOUND SENSATION.
A Company of Artists always engaged that surpasses anything in the Music Hall business, for beauty and qualification.
MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY.
Admission 30, 25, 20 and 10 cents. 30-2t

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OF
ACKNOWLEDGED ABILITY
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FLORENCE LA FOND,
30-1t* Hotel Ligier, Houston street.

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FOR A NEWLY ORGANIZED COMPANY.
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A GOOD SET OF SCENERY.
30-1t* Address A. L. P., Clipper office.

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in want of a COMPETENT AGENT that has had seven years' experience can engage the advertiser at moderate rates by addressing or calling on JOHN DICKERSON,
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AUGUSTA OPERA HOUSE, Augusta, Maine.

SOLE LESSEE AND MANAGER..MR. S. E. BROWNE.
NOW OPEN FOR THE SEASON WITH A FIRST CLASS COMPANY for the production of
TRAGEDY, COMEDY,
FARCE, BURLETTA, &c.
A FIRST OLD WOMAN AND WALKING LADY may hear of a permanent situation by addressing as above. 30-2t*

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BIDWELL & PIKE..............................MANAGERS
The above popular place of amusement, after a most successful season, has been closed for two weeks, while the Hall is being remodeled and undergoing several necessary improvements. It will be re-opened on or about the 10th of Nov., for the winter season.
WANTED—A FIRST OLD MAN AND A GOOD UTILITY MAN.
30-2t* Address BIDWELL & PIKE, Portsmouth, N. H.

AMUSEMENTS.

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720 BROADWAY, NEAR EIGHTH STREET.
FIFTH WEEK OF SUCCESS.
DELIGHTED THRONGS HAVE GREETED THE EFFORTS OF
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OPEN EVERY EVENING, AND ON
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DISTRIBUTION OF PRESENTS AT EACH ENTERTAINMENT.
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199 and 201 BOWERY,
OPPOSITE SPRING STREET.
SUCCESS EXTRAORDINARY,
HOUSES CROWDED NIGHTLY.
Seats can be secured Three Days in advance.
Box Office open daily, from 10 to 4.
A GREAT BILL THIS WEEK.
SCENES IN AN APPLE-ORCHARD,
RAW RECRUITS,
PILGRIM FATHERS,
MASHER AND SMASHER,
UNION COCKADE,
AND HAPPY LAND OF CANAAN.
By the Ladies' Pet,
LITTLE WILLIE GUY.
LESLIE, SCOTT, GOULD, AND HODGKINS,
In New Songs and Choruses.
MATINEES EVERY SATURDAY at 2 o'clock.
Tickets 25 cents to all parts of the house. 30

NEW BOWERY THEATRE,

Sole Proprietor.................MR. J. W. LINGARD.
Stage Manager ....MR. N. B. CLARKE.

MR. LINGARD begs to announce an Engagement with those distinguished Artists,
MISS MOLLIE WILLIAMS,
and
FELIX A. VINCENT,
For a limited period.
They will appear in the Great Sensation Drama of
THE CRICKET.
MISS MOLLIE WILLIAMS....as ....The Cricket.
FELIX A. VINCENT..........as..........................Didier.

JENNY LIND.
JENNY LIND..............................Miss Mollie Williams.
GUS.......................................Felix A. Vincent.

BRIEN O'LINN. 30

ARTEMUS WARD.

ARTEMUS WARD AMONG THE MORMONS.
DODWORTH HALL,
806 Broadway.
Next to Grace Church and opposite Eleventh street.

ARTEMUS WARD'S SUCCESS,
ARTEMUS WARD'S SUCCESS,
ARTEMUS WARD'S SUCCESS,
EXCEEDS ANTICIPATION,
AND IS ASSURED BEYOND DOUBT.
VERDICTS OF THE PRESS,
VERDICTS OF THE PRESS.

Very brilliant and thoroughly appreciated.—New York Herald, October 18.

We shall be surprised if "Artemus Ward among the Mormons" be not at once established as a permanent institution.—New York Tribune, October 19.

An hour of incessant laughter will undoubtedly reward the visitor who drops in at 806 Broadway.—New York Times, October 24.

Not content with simply applauding the lecturer, the audience shout, scream, and roar.—New York Daily News, October 20.

A house nightly packed with happy people.—New York Express, October 25.

Besides its rollicking fun, it includes considerable valuable information.—New York Evening Post, October 22.

There is nothing half so amusing in town.—Leader, October 22.

Artemus fairly revels in side-splitting humor, which he delivers in his own peculiar style.—Sunday Mercury, October 23.

Artemus lectured some; the people laughed muchly.—Atlas, October 22.

We can cordially recommend him as a moral physician to all who may be afflicted with that horrible disorder, the "azure demons."—Sunday Times, October 23.

That Artemus would produce something good was a foregone conclusion. That he has succeeded in doing so is beyond all dispute.—Sunday Dispatch, October 23.

You've got to hear him utter his own jokes in order to fully appreciate them.—Courier, October 23.

If you chance to enjoy odd manifestations of dry humor, you will be pleased to pass an evening with A. Ward.—Albion, Oct. 22.

It is voted a success by the people, and Artemus is unanimously elected.—Home Journal.

Artemus has made a hit, and will have a run in New York.—Wilkes' Spirit.

He is exceedingly funny, and keeps his audience in a continual roar.—New York Clipper.

It is one of the greatest successes in this city.—The Programme.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

Commences at 7½.

A VARIED AND ENTERTAINING PROGRAMME
will be presented during the week, commencing on
MONDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 31,
with the comic drama, in two acts, entitled
MARGUERITE'S COLORS.
HELEN................by..............MISS ELIZA NEWTON
From the London Theatres, her first appearance in America.
Messrs. J. K. Mortimer, T. J. Hind, etc.
DOMINIQUE, THE DESERTER.
DOMINIQUE................by..............Mr. W. HOLSTON
his first appearance since his severe indisposition.
Wednesday, November 2d, THE ROSE OF CASTILE.
Thursday and Saturday, POPPING THE QUESTION, and
ROSE OF CASTILE.
Friday—
MIDDY ASHORE, and ROSE OF CASTILE. 30

BROADWAY THEATRE,

AN UNPARALLELED SUCCESS!
Tenth week of the inimitable Comedian,
MR. JOHN E. OWENS,
in those greatest and
MOST FAMOUS TRIUMPHS OF THE SEASON,
SOLON SHINGLE AND JOSHUA BUTTERBY,
which continue to crowd the Theatre nightly, and to excite an
UNMISTAKEABLE PUBLIC ENTHUSIASM.
ON MONDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 31, 1864,
and every night this week, will be given, for another week, Tom Taylor's delightful comedy,
VICTIMS,
and the interesting American drama,
THE PEOPLE'S LAWYER,
in which the talented young actor,
MR. THOMAS H. KNIGHT,
will make his first appearance in this Theatre.
In preparation, A BRILLIANT COMEDY, which will present
MR. OWENS
IN A FAMOUS NEW CHARACTER. 30

WINTER GARDEN.

MONDAY, OCT. 31,
and every evening of the week excepting Friday (the regular DE BOOTS and TOODLES NIGHT),
MR. J. S. CLARKE
AS ROBERT TYKE.
This magnificent piece of character acting having created
AN ENTHUSIASM UNPARALLELED,
THE INTENSITY OF FEELING,
GRAPHIC CHARACTERIZATION, and
DEPTH AND BEAUTY OF PATHOS
exhibited by Mr. Clarke in his picture of Tyke, entitle it to rank among the most cherished
MASTERPIECES OF THE DRAMATIC ART.
Also, in order to offer the strongest possible contrast, and exhibit the powers of Mr. Clarke in two characters displaying entirely different functions of his art, will be presented, for the first time this season, the
EXCRUCIATINGLY FUNNY FARCE OF
MY NEIGHBOR'S WIFE.
Brown, the Broker ....Mr. J. S. CLARKE

NIBLO'S GARDEN.

Lessee and Manager..........................WM. WHEATLEY.
THE OVERWHELMING SUCCESS
of the gifted and matchless artiste,
MISS MAGGIE MITCHELL,
in Waldauer's beautiful five-act drama, entitled
FANCHON, THE LITTLE CRICKET,
(her original character in the play of that name)
PRONOUNCED BY THE PRESS
AND HOUSES CROWDED TO REPLETION,
a master piece of
DRAMATIC SKILL AND BEAUTY,
warrants the manager in announcing it for
MONDAY OCT. 31, AND EVERY NIGHT.
NEW AND BEAUTIFUL SCENERY,
COSTUMES, APPOINTMENTS,
AND EXCELLENT CAST.
SEATS SECURED SIX DAYS IN ADVANCE.
BEGINS 7¾. 30

FOX'S OLD BOWERY THEATRE.

Lessee, Director, and Manager..........G. L. FOX.
FOURTH WEEK OF THE
BRILLIANT ENGAGEMENT OF
MISS FANNY HERRING.
SPLENDID NEW TALE OF ENCHANTMENT
For the first time in this country, entitled
THE PEDDLER BOY
AND THE
TARTAR WITCH.
NEW SCENERY,
NEW DRESSES,
NEW EFFECTS.
Zanita (the Peddler Boy).....................Miss Fanny Herring
Maga (the Tartar Witch) ....Miss R. Denvil
During the piece, a characteristic Pas de Deux, M'lle Martinetti and Mons. Baptistine.
PANTOMIME—LES DEUX FUGITIFS,
With Mr. G. L. Fox and his talented troupe.
Concluding with a LAUGHABLE FARCE. 30

WANTED.---A Full Dramatic Company, for a

season of four months, commencing Nov. 19th, 1864, by the American Equestrian Dramatic Combination. Apply or address JAMES CONNER & CO., 25 West Houston street, New York. 1t*

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THIRD WEEK OF SIEGRIST'S
WONDERFUL TROUPE OF PERFORMING DOGS.
HOUSES CROWDED TO OVERFLOWING NIGHTLY,
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THE OLD AND YOUNG, THE GRAVE AND GAY!
Are delighted with the remarkable sagacity of the Educated Dogs.
PROF. SEAGRIST & SON,
in the chaste, elegant and daring ACROBATIC FEATS,
Received nightly with UNBOUNDED APPLAUSE.
WOOD'S MINSTRELS
IN THEIR GRAND SOIREE D'ETHIOPE,
Camille, Paddy's Wedding, Burlesque Circus, Banjo Solos, Jack on the Green, &c.
Every evening this week. See Programme.
Doors open at a quarter to 7; Commence at a quarter to 8 o'clock.
TICKETS 30 CENTS. RESERVED SEATS 50 CENTS.
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AND CONCERT HALLS.
MADAME MACART'S
JONATHAN JACK PANTOMIME
and
CIRCUS TROUPE.
This Comic and Pantomime Circus Troupe is now organized, and play their first engagement with Robert Gardner, Melodeon, Baltimore, for two weeks, commencing
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After which will be happy to negotiate for long or short ENGAGEMENTS.
NAMES OF THE TROUPE:
JOHN FOSTER,
Without doubt the best Clown in the United States. COMIC SINGER, MOTLEY, and PANTOMIMIST.
G. R. DE LOUIRE,
Pantomimist, Horizontal Bar Performer, Chrystal Pyramids, Motley, and
DADDY LONG LEGS.
E. F. RIVERS,
Pantomimist, Dancing Barrel, Vanishing Clown, and Tranka Hispanola.
L. R. DE LOUIRE'S COMIC TRICK DOG, JENNY LIND,
also one of the principal actors in Jonathan Jack's
CIRCUS ACT.
MISS ADELE QUAGLIENNA,
The European Danseuse, Pantomimist and Double Rope Performer.
MADAME MARIE MACART,
The well known Equestrienne, Pantomimist, Actress, Double Rope Performer and Character Dancer.
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Communications to insure attention in the issue for that week, should reach us by Monday morning, at latest, or Saturday, if possible, and invariably be addressed to

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DISTINGUISHED ARTISTS
will the present season visit the Canadas, the great west, New Foundland, the southern states, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, the West Indies, and the entire New England states,
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AMUSEMENTS.

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